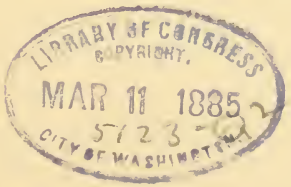
A MAN OF DESTINY.

SIVA.

Norma L Packard

"Si va le monde."



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.
1885.

Ms. 2

ONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, Printers and Binders, Chicago.

PREFACE.

The letters which compose this volume originated in a conversation between three persons in regard to the causes of democratic ascendency in our national affairs under the nominal leadership of Mr. Cleveland and the consequences likely to result therefrom. The views of these individuals were in the main harmonious and seemed to me novel and striking. Because of this I arranged for their publication.

These three persons alone are cognizant of the authorship of the letters. Whether each is the product of one or more; whether they were written by one independently of the others; or whether part are written by one and the remainder by the others I have no means of knowing.

Of one thing I am assured. The object of their preparation was not assault upon Mr. Cleveland personally. None of those who were engaged in their production were animated by a feeling of personal hostility, nor could any of them have been moved by any petty desire to annoy. With such a purpose these letters would have been but another instance of

> "An ocean into tempest tossed,
> To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

It was simply considered Mr. Cleveland's misfortune that he was the choice of the democratic party, and the misfortune of the democratic party that it had chosen Mr. Cleveland. The conjunction of a man of

such peculiar characteristics and a party of such inherent proclivities placed in control of the government at the close of so remarkable an epoch in the nation's history was regarded by the persons referred to as a matter of such significance that it ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed, but for the sake of the public should be impressed upon the mind of every citizen. In this view the writer of this preface fully concurred, though only vaguely aware of the line of thought to be pursued, and in no manner responsible for the specific ideas advanced. Siva, be he one or several, has set forth his own ideas in his own manner. So far as they touch upon the known facts of the past each reader will judge them for himself. So far as they concern themselves with the probabilities of the future, the events of the next four years will confirm or refute their prognostications.

The widespread interest which the letters attracted in the columns of the *Inter Ocean* is the reason of their republication in book form. Whatever may be the verdict in regard to their literary merit, there can be no question that they will attract very general attention to a most important phase of our political life.

WM. PENN NIXON.

CHICAGO, March 2, 1885.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A MAN OF DESTINY.

No. I.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PHLEGM.

To GROVER CLEVELAND, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—I do not address you by the title of "excellency," which custom has permitted to be bestowed upon persons holding the position you now occupy, because I wish to write to you in that other and newer capacity, which, because it was so much grander than any prince or potentate had ever enjoyed, our forefathers, by express denial of every possible form or character of title, did in effect affirmatively decree should have no distinguishing term save that of "President." It was their firm belief that he who might be selected by the people of a great nation to represent their power, by the manhood of a people to represent its strength, by the life of a land to represent its life, should be so great in character, so excellent in fame, so exalted in virtue, and so eminent in all manly attributes that only one word should be used to designate the fact that the Nation had cast upon his shoulders the mantle of leadership. So, neither "honorable" nor "excellency," nor even "most illustrious," as the Father of his country desired to be called, would

they countenance or endure, but simply "president"—leader at once and follower, creature of the public will and servant of its purpose; at the same time sitting upon a level of the hearthstone with the humblest citizen, and standing proudly beside the throne the peer of the haughtiest sovereign. The very shadow of this title, which is soon to be bestowed upon you, should hide all other dignities that may have been worn before. You are now Grover Cleveland, citizen. When the moon shall have waxed and waned a few times more you will be Grover Cleveland, president.

As a citizen, your life has been one of the least notable among the sixty million of people whose honor, aspiration, and moral grandeur you will soon be called upon to represent. If you had chanced to have died about the time your predecessor in the presidential office was elected, hardly one outside of the city where you lived would have known the fact. If by some strange accident the dispatches of the Associated Press had scattered your name as a notable decedent broadcast over the land you are now called upon to govern, it would have been almost impossible for even the most diligent student, a hundred miles away from the place of your abode, to have located the man whose decease was announced, or give any plausible reason why the customary mourning cards should not have been the limit of notoriety assigned to you.

Although the surprise which attended your nomination by a party to which you were almost unknown was equaled only by that arising from your election by a people to whom you had become so exceedingly

well known, yet I am probably doing no injustice, even to your intelligence, in assuming that to no man in the country were these events matter of such exceedingly great surprise as to yourself. Knowing, as you do, how little worthy of note your life has been, and how utterly barren your mind and character are of all those elements usually accounted needful to a fit exemplification of our American life, it must be with some sense of dizziness that you find yourself about to be hoisted upon the pinnacle of national power as the representative headlight of American statesmanship.

Fortunately, your nature is by no means a sensitive one. You were kindly endowed with a temperament which, while it may have certain disadvantages, is not without solid and substantial recompense, in that it saves you from those petty annoyances which "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" so often inflict upon more sensitive souls. Not only have you cause to rejoice in a cuticle which a pachyderm might envy, but a fatty and sluggish sensorium combined therewith renders you almost impervious to unpleasant sensations, and enables you not only to endure without discomfort but absolutely to derive enjoyment from associations so coarse and brutifying to ordinary natures, as quickly to sicken and overwhelm a less robustuous manhood. To such natures as yours, however, this asssociation is needful as a healthy and proper stimulant. The tallest trees grow in the rankest soils, and the mightiest natures when thus grossly housed must strike their roots deep into the lowest strata of society. Thrice enviable is the nature that

not only derives no harm from exposure amid the lower levels of humanity, but absolutely gathers strength and beauty from those things which weaken and destroy less favored organisms. It is thus that our good mother nature provides for those whom her presence forsees are likely to be exposed to changeful vicissitudes so potent as to endanger life itself, if the comparatively small amount of nerve and brain were not carefully packed in masses of protecting fatty cells and shielded from assault by an epidermis so coarsely woven and insensible as to defy the penetrability of any ordinary "arrows" and resist the potency of ordinary "slings."

Thus equipped, the walrus revels in the frozen sea that breaks in silence about the undiscovered pole. The elephant stalks through the jungles heedless of the equatorial sun, and the hippopotamus pursues its peaceful way through the sedgy marshes, heedless alike of enemy or accident. It may awaken wonder that nature should take such care to protect existences apparently of so little intrinsic value, but she has a perverse method of choosing her own instrumentalities. It would not seem to the casual observer that the monsters who fed and fought amid the turbid, steaming waters of the Pliocene era were creatures likely to be of great service to that nobler race to whom afterward was given the empire of the world, yet careful nature is so true to her instinct of preserving and consecrating all things to human use, that even the most unworthy product of this uncouth existence is to-day the source from which our newest agricultural impulse springs, and to which

science owes the potency of that mystic wand which it waves over exhausted fields and makes them rich with the promise of new life. The moral and political world not seldom follows the analogy of the material universe. The inference may not seem a flattering one, but in seeking a key by which such mysteries as your election may be solved, the student of social phenomena should not hesitate in drawing conclusions from the analogies thus afforded. There is little doubt that civilization, as well as vegetation, is sometimes coprolitic in its character, and it does not become any man to speak lightly of any element that may be essential to the future development of our race. Unlikely as it may seem to the superficial observer, it is quite possible, my dear sir, that nature made you as you are in order that by some wondrous alchemy the far-distant future might receive unexpected good from the reaction necessary for the expulsion of a noxious irritant. At least, it is fortunate for you that nature has armed you thus effectively against the stings of contempt and scorn, as well as of malice and envy. To those who are called to sit in high places such panoply is of priceless value.

You are, indeed, a happy man. Not only are you thus fitted by nature to enjoy the good fortune that has so unexpectedly come upon you, but you are also in your own being the refutation of some oft-repeated and weakly believed aphorisms. It has long been the well-settled belief of philosophers that he who becomes a leader of humanity must first have shown himself a thinker and a doer, or else a sufferer, to whom the hopes and fears, the cares and aspirations of his age

have been made patent by sweat of brain or heart. It is a favorite delusion that in a republic he who rises to the head, who is chosen to lead the clamoring, hoping, toiling masses, must first have felt their hope and shared their toil, or, at the very least, have pointed out some new way by which they may hope to achieve deliverance. The soldier, the scholar, the statesman, may any of them justly and reasonably aspire to the leadership which a free nation gives by choice to the fittest of her sons, but none of these, it has been heretofore believed, has any reason to expect success or preference among a free people, unless he shall first have proved himself a patriot, and been brought near to the public heart by self-forgetful regard for the common weal. All of these silly notions you have, at one fell swoop of unmatched luck, annihilated and destroyed. You are neither a scholar, a statesman, nor a soldier, and are entitled to no little credit for setting up no claim to any such distinction. If you have the capacity to be either, it is yet undeveloped, and very probably unknown and unsuspected, even to yourself. So, too, you have yet to exhibit any manifestations of patriotism sufficiently striking to be visible to the naked eye.

Almost a quarter of a century ago, while you were still in the flush of early manhood, when youth's hot blood is not supposed to have entirely cooled, the nation of which you and I were humble and insignificant atoms encountered a peril so great that the thrill of her agony seemed to wring every fiber of even the least of the segregated entities composing her existence. No doubt you felt some fluttering about the

heart in the contemplation of the vast convulsion which impended. As the mighty throes of the immortal struggle came on one after the other, wrenching the sinews of the land, drenching its fields with blood and its hearths with tears, it is impossible that even you should have looked on quite unmoved. No doubt the impulse to take some part in the great events, amid the tumults of which your young life floated emptily on like a storm-tossed egg-shell, must have shaped itself more or less clearly to your consciousness and led your dreaming fancy away to fields were patriotism avouched its sincerity by suffering and death. Such was the even temper of your mind, however, such the calm, cool equipoise of your desire, that the pleading cry of an imperiled nation was insufficient to awaken in your mind a determination to forego even for a brief interval the comforts and delights of civilized and unimperiled surroundings. With a slight change the commendation addressed to Mazeppa might be applied to you and the country truthfully say of your life in that hour of supreme emergency:

> "Of all my train there is not one,
> Who less hath said or less hath done,
> Than thou."

Now we know how providential was the self-restraint which then seemed worthy of a harsher name. Had you lightly been led to pursue "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," I shudder to contemplate where the reversioner of the highest honor of the land might have been to-day. Instead of a face rubicund with the delight of unexpected and unexampled success, and a

brow crowned with unearned laurels, we might have been compelled to ask the buzzards who gorged on patriotic dead at Gettysburg to account for that presence which is now the cynosure of so many envious eyes. You no doubt felt within your soul even at that time the quickening throbs of a high destiny and unprecedented luck, and because of this marvelous prescience, you folded your arms amid the tumult of strife and hummed a then popular melody, "Wait for the Wagon," with the roar of cannon in the distance sounding a refrain. The wagon has come—the gilded chariot which will bear you over the heads of all those who fought, up to the highest seat of power.

In this no doubt was first manifested your especial fitness for the great destiny which has fallen upon you. No ordinary nature could have withstood the enthusiastic patriotism of that day. No man, save one who counted all things in strict relation to his own personal enjoyment, could have regarded as vain and unworthy of consideration all those questions affecting the public welfare which did not directly and materially tend to enhance or diminish the delights and comforts of his own surroundings, could have endured those four years of unprecedented exaltation, of alternating hope and fear, and have waited patiently by the river of time for the flotsam of political preferment to come within his reach so that he might grasp and hold without exertion, without self-sacrifice, without the privation of a soldier's life or the fear of a soldier's death, the honor which a grateful country hastens now to bestow upon such exalted and phenomenal self-control.

Hitherto our American idea of fame and merit has been of an active, occidental character. It has been accepted as a universal rule that the rewards of life, whether of a business or political or even of a literary or religious character, should be given to those active spirits who perform and achieve, rather than to those who manifest the supremacy of their natures by remaining callous and insensible to current events—oblivious to the hopes and fears of their fellow mortals—the doom and destiny of all existences except themselves. The devotees of Siva understand much better the measure of true greatness in man. According to their wisdom it is the power to do nothing that makes the great god Brahma tremble on the throne of the universe. It is only that man who is great enough to abstain from all effort, to allow his powers to ripen in slumber and silence, to look with calmness upon human suffering, to take no part in and have no care for any of those things which men call great and glorious and desirable—it is these alone whom the profound oriental philosophers regard as the real kings of men and the potential conquerors of heaven. To secure such excellence the Brahman withdraws himself from society, avoids with scrupulous care all the surroundings of home, excludes the name of wife and children from his vocabulary, shuts out of his consciousness every thought that might stimulate him to exertion, and only waits and meditates in solitude and silence upon himself, the dormant possibilities of his undeveloped nature and the glories that will surround his name when he shall have eclipsed all men in the power of non-performance

and risen to the level of the gods themselves in the capacity to do nothing. While more than one has heretofore attempted to introduce into our political system the irresistible power of immutable passivity as the real measure of excellence, according to which the rewards of fame ought to be distributed, to you, my dear sir, is due the merit of having first received at the hands of the American people the substantial testimony that the wisdom of the orient is finally coming in to supercede the rawness and freshness of our occidental life.

It is not to be supposed that you would be able to take the very highest rank among those pious anchorites who for so many years have excluded not only the pleasures of life but even the light of day, and almost the breath of heaven from their existence, but, considered as an American, it is beyond controversy that you have succeeded marvelously well in doing nothing and in deadening your nature to the influence of all those chords of public sentiment which so thrill the hearts even of our humblest citizens. Your seclusion, too, although in one sense it may have been as complete as that of the Vananvasin, was hardly such as is enjoined upon the religious hermit. He is directed by the holy writings "to repair to the lonely wood, dwell there in some small cave or in a hut formed by his own hands." I sadly fear that "rooms in a business block," even in the city of Buffalo, would hardly be regarded by "the three great watchers over human destiny" as an equivalent. It is true that account should be taken of difference in climate. What might be deemed a very

comfortable hermitage on the melting plains of India would be entirely "too thin" for the north-east corner of Lake Erie, with the ice fiends rushing down from the pole over thousands of miles of unbroken crystal sheen, dancing about his ears at the average rate of seventy-two miles an hour, and recalling even the sturdiest hermit from the sweet delirium of upward-lifting meditation by pricks of crystal-spears, chill-tempered at some forty degrees below zero. Besides that—or perhaps for this, too, the climate may bear the blame—the oriental self-exalter was forbidden, if he would reach the heaven of his desires, to look upon any woman's face. Though one had borne to him the holy relation of wife, he was required to cast her off and even to forget that he had ever loved. The pioneer in a great movement calculated to reverse the ideas of a nation or a people, cannot be expected to compete in the perfection of his exemplification of the new philosophy with those who for ages have made a study of its methods and details.

No doubt you did the best you could under the circumstances, and you seem, in all essential particulars, to have followed with commendable faithfulness in this respect the injunctions of the Brahmins. *Ceteris paribus*, it is not to be doubted that you would have proved yourself as much superior to the oriental devotee in the power of accomplishing the least in the longest possible time, as you have under the present unfavorable circumstances, in the same exalted attainment, overmatched the average American. At least, my

dear sir, you have what the most devoted Brahmin has never yet been able to boast of having acquired, the apparent, tangible, indubitable, demonstrable proof that by persevering, consistent and uninterrupted occlusion of the life of the great world by which you are surrounded you have, even before age has tinted the thatched abode of wisdom, obtained a seat among the immortals. Whether the philosophy which has served you so well in securing preferment may be relied upon to befriend you in like manner in the future is a question not easy of solution. Time, you know, is the great and inflexible avenger. Sometimes he burnishes the rusty shield found in the dead hand on life's great battlefield so that the ages never cease to see the glimmer of its sheen. Again he tears from the exultant helm the wreath of victory and sends the boastful wearer down the corridors of the future with the coward's brand upon his brow. I am an old man and have seen many of these reversals of the verdicts of to-day. In the slumbrous orient the power to do nothing may strike terror to the hearts of the gods, but in our mocking occident it is much more likely to awaken ridicule in the hearts of the people. "*Ex nihil, nihil fit*," is an aphorism too deeply ingrained in the American nature to be overturned by the example of a single presidential resultant of such evolution. Thus far in the world's history it is only the doer whom the avenger's infinite scorn of weakness and pretense has spared. What will be your fate, now that the crucial test is to be applied—the test which leaves the brightness of the

gem untarnished, but shrivels black the sham, which vanishes at length in smoke and stench—the world waits anxiously to see. SIVA.

NEW YORK, December 10.

No. II.

THE FABRICATION OF INTEGRITY.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—Objection has been made in some quarters to my former letter, that I indulged in too great plainness of speech considering the fact that I was addressing one about to be clothed with such exalted honor as awaits you upon the fourth of March next. There are many reasons why I have decided to address these letters directly to you, and to use in them only the plainest forms of English prose. Knowing your nature as I do, I am well satisfied that in addressing you all flowers of speech would be as vain as widows' weeds in an appeal to the great Destroyer.

> "Gray has noted the waste of breath
> In addressing the dull, cold ear of Death,"

but it is nothing compared with the folly of that man who should waste tropes and similies upon one of your peculiar intellectual fiber. It is not your fault, "since Nature cannot choose its origin," that you are

> "Deaf to adjective, noun and particle,
> Deaf even to the definite article,"

unless applied to your own individuality with a directness which would shock one less impregnably intrenched in a Gibraltar of egotistic equanimity. The multitudes who are now seeking to gain your favor in the guise of friends as little understand your character

in this respect as those who seek to wound by jest or taunt. They both entirely fail to appreciate the temper of that marvelous mail of self-approval which surrounds your consciousness like the armor of the archangel, "luminous yet dense," through which his celestial soul shone resplendent, though impregnable to all attack. This adamantine barrier of unruffled self-complacency is impervious alike to flattery and gibe. No love of commendation or fear of disfavor can break through this invisible shield which guards you from too near approach alike of foes and familiars, since no flattery can equal your own self-appreciation and your self-approval is so profound that you are unable to credit any threat of disapproval on the part of others. To the most fulsome flattery your mind yields a ready assent, but is quite undisturbed and entirely unbiased thereby. Your judgment is quite unclouded by the eloquence of unbridled adulation, since at its highest flight it is still infinitely below your own idea of what you are entitled to receive. So, too, you are invincible to any threat of public disfavor since you are unable to conceive of a public so foolish and unjust as to regard yourself or your acts with disapproval.

This peculiarity of your nature is so rare among mankind that although tacitly recognized by those accustomed to approach you most nearly, neither friends nor foes have formulated or appreciated the same. It is as far removed from ordinary vanity as it is from that devotion to a great idea which anihilates all thought of self. It is as unlike the consuming patriotism which rendered Lincoln unconscious of his own

greatness as it is unrelated to the nervous self-consciousness which rendered Hayes so unceasingly anxious lest any one should detect his infinite littleness and phenomenal weakness. The self-love of the latter was perhaps as great as your own, but it had no such backing of impervious confidence in its justness and universal recognition. Your self-devotion is the result of no petty personal pride. You have none of the peacock's exultation in the beholder's admiration of the glories of his caudal appendage nor any of his chagrin when he notes that the watcher's eyes are resting on his feet. To you all elements of your character and all incidents of your career are not only without material or sensible defect, but are almost equally worthy of approval. This unconscious self-appreciation, curiously enough, is not based on any conviction that you have done, or are capable of doing, especially great things. You are not so dull as not fully so understand that it is not because of your achievements as a man, as a sheriff, as a mayor, or as a governor that you have been chosen to be president. You are well aware that you have attained no eminence in your profession, no distinction as a citizen and no unusual fame as a magistrate. There are, as you well know, many thousands who have done better whose names the brawling tongue of fame has never sounded in the public ear. There are millions whose personal merits are not less than yours who never dreamed of public commendation of their good works. In addition to this, you are well aware that in the perpetual competition which our American life inspires there are not many who, under the circumstances sur-

rounding yours, would have garnered from such opportunity a lighter harvest of good deeds, or have done less to awaken the respect and approval of good men.

As a matter of ratiocination, you are well aware that in your political career you have been a pawn in the hands of stronger men—a piece accounted insignificant in itself, thrust forward just in the nick of time to check the triumphant progress of some stronger piece which might, indeed, have brushed you from the board, but in so doing must itself have met extinction. This fact, which would be gall and wormwood to some great natures, is rather pleasant and agreeable to you. It tends to confirm your imperturbable Islamic faith in destiny and strengthen your conviction that neither merit nor good works are at all essential elements in securing the highest earthly rewards. You count a willingness to undertake a task which a subtler mind would at once perceive to be impossible, a far more potent element of success in securing public approval than the power to boast of what has been achieved. Of this doctrine your own career affords, to your mind, irrefutable evidence. With this consciousness of non-achievement, there comes to you no conviction of demerit, nor even a suspicion that any unbiased mind might draw therefrom conclusions derogatory to yourself. The fact that any one does so is simply proof positive to you of a malevolent desire to do you wrong. You say to yourself, and say very truly no doubt, that you have never desired to do evil either in your public or private capacity. If now and then your acts have resulted harmfully, you only urge in excuse for the same that,

under the circumstances, you did or meant to do the best you could. This explanation is sufficient for yourself, and you cannot imagine why it should not be sufficient for others. It is upon this foundation that you have builded up your sublime conviction in the public confidence in which you deem yourself impregnably intrenched. You believe that you will always be credited with good intentions, and that the blame for evil results will always be cast on others—your associates and co-workers, perhaps your subordinates—but never on yourself.

This belief in your own destiny to be forever overestimated by all mankind rests on such a substantial basis of self-approval that it is as impervious to ordinary assault as three feet of steel armor with ten feet of teak backing to the bullet of a toy pistol. Instead of being surprised or overwhelmed at public favor, you deem it altogether creditable to the intelligence of the public that it recognizes merits of which you are so profoundly assured.

This self-appreciation is largely caused by your unquestioning belief in your phenomenal honesty. In the old days when you were simply Grover Cleveland, a careless, easy-going attorney of no particular character, and noted only for the fact that there were no noticeable features about you except the self-complacent, happy-go-lucky way in which you trundled your sleek corporosity along the path of life, you had no reputation for exceptional integrity either among those with whom you co-operated in securing large bounties for brief enlistments, or those whom you met in the more

private relations of life. Fortunately for you, you were introduced to public favor as an honest man. The philosopher who, lantern in hand, sought through the ranks of your party in Buffalo for that *lusus naturæ* professed to have discovered in your sleek and plastic features the indications of an integrity exceptional enough among your associates to justify your being heralded to the world as a candidate for whom honest men might vote. This was no doubt intended to be "a good enough Morgan until after election," and as a fact was none too good even for that brief interval. Queerly enough, however, you began to believe what was said of you as a candidate, and after a time began to refer to yourself as an honest man. When this experience had been twice repeated, you had become thoroughly convinced that in this respect you were justly remarkable, and when at length you were wafted into the gubernatorial chair by a marvelous breeze of good fortune, and heard all men vaunting your honesty because nothing else could be said in your praise, you became thoroughly convinced that in this you were phenomenal. Subsequent events have tended to exalt this belief until you are fully satisfied that you not only are, but from the first have been the climacteric honest man of all the ages. This conviction does not tend to make your conscience quick and your hand eager to do good and righteous things, to punish evil and to unearth fraud, but simply to produce a feeling of self-complacent thankfulness that you are not as other men. Your self-love is thus securely based upon your honesty, which you have accepted as well-nigh

unparalleled in history, on the testimony of the campaign-literature which has constituted your chief intellectual aliment since it concerned itself with your fortunes.

Because of these essential idiosyncrasies, your opponents and critics have greatly misunderstood and misinterpreted certain of your acts. The fact that you never open your mouth in public without putting, not merely your foot, but your entire personality into it, does not arise from any weak or foolish vanity. You did not use the personal pronoun, pointing to yourself fifty-four times in a speech of half a column's length, because you love to talk about yourself, but simply because you honestly supposed that it was of yourself that your auditors desired to hear. There were but two facts present to your consciousness during the delivery of your speech: the one that you had been nominated for the presidency, and the other that the people were looking for you to tell them what sort of a president you would make. You did not dream that they desired you to speak of what are termed national issues—laws and measures that might promote the national welfare. Were they not aware—had you not already assured them—that the office of president was purely an executive one, and was not that enough? What had you to do with national issues and political questions? They are for the consideration of the continental congress and the democratic party. It was enough, so far as such issues were concerned, that you should declare yourself in harmony with the party which had chosen you as its candidate,

and that you had already done. You were a candidate for the presidency, and, if elected, your duty would be only to execute the laws—to appoint agents and select instruments, to make removals and sign appointments.

It was what many would term a somewhat narrow and restricted view of the position you are destined to occupy. To you it had the merit of originality. The press ridiculed your solemn assertion that the office of president was an executive one. To you it seemed a profound discovery, and you believed that the people of the country so regarded it. With this view it became incumbent upon you to speak of yourself; to allude to your own peaceful and law-abiding character, and to assure your fellow-citizens that you would perform the functions of this executive office, no matter how unpleasant they might be, just as well as you might be able to do under the circumstances, and just as cheerfully as within the memory of your hearers you had performed the loathsome functions of a public executioner for which you had been chosen by their votes. There are those, my dear sir, who regard with profound contempt both your oratorical and intellectual capacity, and point to this speech as conclusive evidence of the correctness of their views. It is not only among your opponents, but with many of those who claim to stand with your friends, that such sentiments prevail. I know you too well to do you such injustice.

As I stood amid the shouting throng, almost beneath the place from which you spoke, watched your countenance by the light of thousands of flaring torches as

well as by the fitful glare of a hissing, spluttering carbon burner, as the gusts tossed the rain drops even in your face, I could not doubt your sincerity; and considering afterward with careful analysis the speech you made, I felt constrained to admit that, from your standpoint, it was a masterly production, rising at some points to a sort of crude, pathetic eloquence. The peculiarities of the speech and the man were the same. The idiosyncrasies of both were fundamental. You thought that all those anxious faces were looking up into yours to inquire whether you would work hard, appoint the best men you could, all things considered, and try your very best to do the least you could besides, even if you had to sit up until twelve o'clock six nights in the week to accomplish the task. Tested by this rule it will be seen that your speech at Buffalo is entitled to be counted among the great oratorical efforts of the men whom destiny has chosen for her favorites in all ages of the world. It contained many platitudes, it is true, but it fitted the occasion, harmonized with your view of the surroundings, and was a true and genuine portraiture of the man who uttered it. As a measure of your mind, an exponent of your manhood, and a key to your idea of statesmanship and patriotism, it left nothing to be desired.

On such a nature the indirect appeal is of necessity wasted. Whatever I desire to say to you I am well aware must be adjusted to your peculiar nature. It is impossible to reach you through others. The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, of individual or segregated humanity are nothing in the world to you. You are

not cruel. You do not mean to be hard-hearted, but the tale of suffering annoys. You do not feel responsible for existent evil, and a simple executive officer cannot properly be held accountable for prospective good. The world's woe is no good reason for disturbing your serenity of mind. There is nothing of the martyr, and no trace of the eager reformer, in your nature. You wish the world well and love to see the country prosper, but if the world will get awry and the country perversely refuses to prosper, you feel that the blame cannot be laid at your door nor you be properly required to readjust the conditions of national life. It is only as the general welfare or individual need is shown to bear upon your personal ease or interest that appeal to you may be made effective. Once convinced of the need of effort to secure this, and one may be certain of your co-operation. Unlike many great natures, yours can be approached only from within.

When Alexander asked Diogenes what he desired, it is not likely that he was moved by any special impulse to relieve his wants or give happiness to the philosopher. His only motive was to gratify himself by a display of power. He had never once observed that he was standing in the poor man's sunshine and taking from him the one enjoyable thing he already had. You are not like Alexander. You would probably never have gone out of your way to visit a man who lived in a tub at all. Even if you had casually passed his ambulatory residence you would not have been likely to have inquired as to his wants or to have

intimated your willingness to supply them. If, however, you had stopped to gaze at him and had been requested to get out of his sunlight, you would have been greatly annoyed and considered him as he no doubt was, an unmannerly and troublesome cur. Nevertheless you would have moved on, and would have done so all the more readily if the sunshine had been just as warm upon your own back elsewhere as if standing before his tub. How these characteristics will serve you in the discharge of the duties of the exalted position you are soon to fill the world waits anxiously to see. SIVA.

NEW YORK, December 16.

No. III.

"NAY, MY GOOD FRIEND."

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—One of those journalists, whom the accident of political faith requires as yet to exercise peculiar vigilance in detecting every manifestation of disfavor manifested toward the representative of his party now about to assume the direction of national affairs for the first time during the memory of more than one-half of its voters, in commenting upon my former letters, after a careful analysis of their characteristics, solemnly declares his profound conviction that "It does not admit of doubt that the writer, whatever his professions may be, is not a friend of Governor Cleveland, though it is just possible that the letters may be the production of one or more persons who at one time held somewhat close relations with the president-elect, though now, for reasons that will appear in due time, personally antagonistic to him and anxious to embarrass and impair the success of his administration."

The term "friend" is of such plastic insignificance that the writer no doubt thought himself entirely secure in this carefully guarded statement. I suppose he would term himself your friend, yet in penning this very paragraph it is quite possible he has shown himself an enemy. He has evidently mistaken a calm,

dispassionate analysis of your character and capacity for an act of malice and ill-will. A moment's thought would have shown him the absurdity of this hypothesis. So far as personal animosity is concerned, the most carless reader ought at once to perceive that it is a moral impossibility for the writer of these letters to entertain any feeling approaching to hostility toward a man of the mental caliber and moral characteristics of Stephen Grover Cleveland.

By the way, my dear sir, let me pause here to remind you of a duty which you owe to yourself, your party associates, the historian of the future, and—I like to have said to your posterity, which would have been peculiarly absurd since it would seem that they really have less interest in the matter than almost anybody else. The duty to which I would call your attention as a fitting task to occupy your mind during the intervals of cabinet-making, is that of ascertaining and authoritatively promulgating your real name. It is said that your baptismal name is that given above, but that the name of the primal Christian martyr was somehow lost upon your journey from obscurity to fame. You were nominated as Grover Cleveland because even "Cardinal" Manning, who had been your trusted confessor and sole spiritual adviser since the hour of your political birth, had never heard that there was even a tradition of any other. No doubt the fact has quite escaped your own memory, even if it was ever a part of your consciousness. It is not yet known exactly by what name you were designated by the members of the several electoral colleges by whom you were finally

chosen to that dignity which waits upon your destiny.

It is quite possible that when the seals come to be opened it may be found that Georgia, in her anxiety to perpetuate the ecstacy which allowed Mr. O'Grady, the editor, to adjourn her legislature without the form of a motion, in honor of your election, may have cast her vote for *Stephen* Grover. Connecticut may have parted the name in what a younger man might style dude-fashion, in the middle, and thrown her ballots for S. Grover, while the exultant democracy of New York may have displayed the exhilaration which always attends their success, by designating their favorite by the one name which lives in their memories as the only synonym of good luck in a quarter of a century, simple "Grover," forgetting to make any allusion to the saint who was stoned so soon after his election. Even if this should be the case it would be entirely immaterial. The party which opposed your election is one that never takes advantage of a technicality, and fortunately for you the fame attaching to the name, whether spelled out in full or however abbreviated, is not such as any man is likely to covet for himself. It would seem, however, especially desirable that you should at least be inaugurated under your proper cognomen, if it really is discoverable. Surely you would not leave any such riddle for the future to solve as the ascertainment of the birthplace of your great exemplar, Andrew Jackson—a man whom it is impossible that you should ever rival in courage, constancy, or patriotic achievement, but whom you may even excel in the value of

the spoils you expect to distribute among "a hungry horde" of followers whose hearts have long been sickened by the hopeless tedium of unpromising delay.

To return, however, to the imputation which your over-zealous follower cast upon me, that I am not your friend. If by friendship he means that close and tender relation which subsists between two who have taken down the door of conventional restraint and only hung the portiere of informal separation between their hearts—have given each other carte blanche to come and go without the countersign of request and permission—have bestowed upon each other the pass-key of unreserved confidence, with no bitterer feeling than mere regret that the treasure-vault of confidence contained nothing worthy of the faithful heart to whose use and behoof its barrenness was freely proffered—if this be the significance which he attaches to the idea of friendship, or any reciprocal relation of the same character varying only in degree, then indeed it is true that I am not, never have been, and never can be, your friend. Friendship of this sort is a mutual relation. It is a yoke that never presses the neck of one and leaves his fellow's all unchafed. It is a bond which two at least must underwrite, and the conditions of which are binding alike upon both joint obligors.

Such friendship cannot coexist with servitude. It may overleap all social distinctions; it may bid defiance to the barriers of race and caste; it may unite in bonds more durable than brass the extremes of human life; the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the bond and the free may be linked together by this frailest,

noblest, strongest tie; but before friendship can unite such extremes, the gulf of separation must be spanned by self-forgetfulness, and they must meet upon the level of sympathy, esteem and mutual obligation. Friendship admits of no disparity of favor. A monarch may demand allegiance, or a master exact service. A king may require a subject's life without thought of recompense; a master may take the labor of his slave without tender of thanks; but in the realm of friendship there is no base coin. The image and superscription of mutual devotion alone is current there. A tear may overbalance the life of a friend, but the man who will not shed the tear, who will not pay the price, can never have the friend. From this realm of self-forgetful consecration to another's welfare you are by natural conformation forever excluded. Followers you may have, and servitors, but friends are rigorously forbidden to one who will not pay the entrance-fee of self-renunciation, which alone can admit to that garden of the gods—the heart of a true friend.

Some might, no doubt, count this fact a sad misfortune, but I doubt if you have ever so regarded it. There may have been times when you have earnestly desired that you might enjoy this boon. You are by no means a hard, stern, or self-centered man. You not only desire but expect the good will and ready service of others. For such service you are ready to give an equivalent, provided always that such equivalent does not require self-sacrifice or exertion on your part, or subject your equanimity to annoying disturbance. As long as you can repay devotion without inconvenience

or discomfort to yourself you are most lavish in recompensing effort in your behalf. To the man who ministers to your success you are willing to give the half of your kingdom, *provided* it is that half which you do not require for your own comfort or enjoyment. You are not a man of unbounded ambition or insatiable greed. You do not desire to possess the whole earth, and would never think of weeping for more worlds to conquer. You only care for wealth or position so far as they may minister to your enjoyment. Whatever surplus there may be of either you are willing to distribute to others, share and share alike, according to their respective merits as contributory elements of your success.

As soon as the most unbounded devotion to your interests seems to demand an atom of personal sacrifice at your hands this inclination vanishes. As a consideration for favors yet to be performed you are sometimes willing to engage to suffer personal discomfort, but why you should be expected to face even the least annoyance as a reward for past devotion, or a recompense for services already rendered, you have never yet been able to understand. In the ordinary sense of the term, you are not a selfish nor a greedy man. Your selfishness is more phenomenal in its quality than its extent. You do not wish to monopolize all the good things of the world. You do not envy other men what they enjoy. It is only when another's happiness conflicts with your comfort that one learns the completeness of your apotheosis of self. If without inconvenience or discomfort you could relieve the woes of

all mankind, I verily believe the world would have no further need of tears, but you would never dream of lessening your enjoyment or assuming any burden of discomfort, even if you might thereby vicariously cure all the world's miseries. This peculiar phase of self-indulgence is in strict harmony with the phenomenal character of your self-regard. It seems to you only natural and reasonable that an hour's discomfort to yourself should outweigh another's lifetime of devotion. It is not that you love others less, but yourself more. Perhaps it is well that your saint's name has been forgotten, there is so little of the martyr-spirit in your make-up.

Your regard for the rest of mankind is based solely upon their relations to yourself—your comfort, success and convenience. If others are able and willing to advance your interests or enhance your enjoyment your feeling toward them is sure to be both kindly and sincere. Whenever this ability or willingness is at an end, you become at once oblivious to their existence. You are rightly denominated an amiable man. You never indulge in hostility or revenge. Such sentiments are not only too active and positive to comport with your character, but they imply discomfort and annoyance. You are very kind in that you never seek to punish those who have ceased to serve. You only forget them. The staff on which you leaned yesterday, rude but strong perhaps, and which for a long time proved true and serviceable, is without regret condemned to the oblivion of the garret as soon as a more costly and elegant support is found ready for your hand.

It is not your fault that you have never known the sentiment of friendship. You are so absorbed in complacent contemplation of yourself and in meditation upon that destiny whose favorite child you deem yourself to be, that you have no opportunity for considering the happiness or interests of others. Your appreciation of your own personal merit is so overwhelming and absorbing that no sense of another's desert can reach your consciousness. You are quite unable to project yourself into another's life even for a moment and really become aware of others' happiness or woe only as it is reflected in the placid mirror of your own enjoyment. You are glad to have men devoted to your interests, and are by no means unwilling to admit the fact of such devotion, but you are quite unable to realize that such devotion requires any reciprocal exertion on your part. Indeed it is a matter of surprise to you that any one should fail in such reasonable tribute to your evidently exalted destiny. Counting it a matter of course, you recognize no obligation created by it, and feel intensely annoyed if any one presumes to expect reciprocity of good will and good deeds. While you received as a matter of course the exertions of the leading men of your party throughout the country in your behalf during the recent struggle, it was well known that in case another had been nominated you would not have considered it incumbent upon yourself to have lifted so much as a little finger to secure his election. This course would not have been prompted by any feeling of envy or jealousy on your part, but simply from inability to perceive that the past favor

of the party implied any obligation on your part to labor for its success when you happened not to be its candidate. You have always been known and recognized as a member of the democratic party, yet, except when your own interests as a candidate were inextricably joined with the success of the party, you have never been known to be of any more service to that organization than you were to the nation in her hour of peril.

The fact that you have been utterly oblivious to the sentiment of friendship and have never known or recognized any of the obligations which ordinary humanity regards it as imposing upon them, has unquestionably been of great advantage to you heretofore and may prove especially valuable in the new career which is opening before you. The power to lay aside without regret an instrument or association which can no longer prove advantageous is much more rare than men generally suppose, and the fact that you possess it in such a high degree is another evidence of peculiar fitness for the place to which you have been chosen, and must very strongly tend to confirm your faith in the exalted destiny which you believe awaits you as the successor in opportunity of Andrew Jackson and the only really honest man who has occupied the presidential chair since the husband of "the rich widow Custis" left eight hundred thousand dollars to his executors, and died without lawful issue.

No man can boast your friendship and no woman claim your love. There is no bias of affection to in-

terfere with the faithful performance of the duties of your official position in regard to which you have formulated the startingly original proposition that it constitutes a "public trust." So long as you remained in a private position it was hardly to be counted to your credit that you never had a friend; but now that you are about to become the official head of the nation during the next quadrenniate, one sees how well it is that you should be invulnerable alike to the solicitations of friendship and the blandishments of love.

How many noble lives have been wrecked through such tender yet malign influences! How many great men have been brought to the level of the lowest through the undue influence of unworthy but unsuspected friends! How many of the bravest and brightest of earth has not the love of woman destroyed! The capital of the nation, which you are about to visit for the second time in your life, in order to become its official head, is a whited sepulchre, full of the bones of those who have fallen from the heights of power because they have listened to the voice of friendship or the song of love. Its very air is thick with terrible tales of weakness, shame and crime. You will hear them all during that quadrennial term whose profitable years will add not a little to the hoard you have hitherto so carefully hidden from the tax-gatherer's ken. You will learn how even the mightiest have fallen and the wisest have erred, until you may perhaps be glad that you bring into this pitfall, where wisdom and virtue are so oft imperiled and betrayed, no hard-

won fame of which you are likely to suffer loss. They will tell you of a marvelous array of great, and wise, and eloquent men, whom the cunning and beautiful Delilahs of the capital have shorn of their strength, so that side by side with their history runs the unwritten tradition of their shame. You will perhaps hear the sacred name of Washington coupled with one who received preferment at his hands, and whose features were afterward used to quicken the fancy and direct the pencil of him who has preserved for our edification the grave, stern lineaments of the Father of his Country. You will learn that almost every house is associated with some tale that casts a blemish on some great name. Here a husband's honor was avenged; there dwelt a wife whose guilt brought shame and ruin to a happy home. Yonder stood a hostel in which used to dwell a senator hardly less famous for his eloquence than infamous for his vices, and unmatched in both. Upon this corner you will be told the story of a delicate woman who assailed her gray-haired and seemingly saintly seducer on his way to his place in the capitol. Here dwelt one who betrayed the confidence of a great soldier and brought shame upon his trustful friend. In yonder house a siren lived whose favors are said to have constituted a husband's stepping-stones to power under one of your predecessors.

Saving a few—ah, so very few of the great names of the past—you will find that love or friendship unworthily bestowed have dragged into the mire of ill-repute a vast number of the strongest and noblest.

Hearing these sad tales it will no doubt occur to you as an exceedingly fortunate thing for a man of destiny to be without entangling alliances. The associations of the sheriff's office and the mayor's court might be unpleasant spectres to confront a president, but fortunately for you in your whole life no man has had any good reason to believe that you were his friend, nor any woman reasonable ground to suppose that you regarded her with more than evanescent warmth. In this fact no doubt lies not a little of your prestige, and to this you owe your strongest chances for success. No ancient friendship is likely to bias your judgment with the tale of former faithfulness nor unforgotten love to soothe your vigilance to slumber with the ecstatic strains of an "Auld lang syne" "pulsing with passion's quaver."

In the prime of life you will come to the headship of the nation untrammeled with any past entanglements. You have no friends to reward nor enemies to punish, but only yourself—your own ease and interests to serve. Perhaps Mr. Manning will expect to be not only the chaplain of the household but the primate of the realm, but it is more than probable that he understands too well the peculiarities of your temper to risk a place in your kitchen-cabinet, and that he will content himself with the spoils you will leave behind in the state rather than engage in the dubious task of assisting you in harmonizing the irreconcilable forces which joined to make you president, thereby transforming that belief in favoring fortune which your surroundings and associations impelled you theretofore to denominate

"luck" into an unquestioning faith that the destiny which overrides all human wisdom has chosen you as the most notable

> "Of errant saints, whom all men grant
> To be the true church militant."

NEW YORK, December 24. SIVA.

No. IV.

"SILENCE AND DARKNESS — SOLEMN SISTERS."

To Grover Cleveland, President Elect:

My Dear Sir,—It is an important element of that good fortune which you are so fond of denominating destiny, that your presidential fate and fame are the long-deferred inheritance of the democratic party, not only because your estate may thereby be greatly enhanced through the beneficence of a testator who is said to have left a quarter of a million to the unknown legatee who should first bring it success, but also because of the composition and characteristics of the party itself. It is not without reason that such terms as "unterrified," "bourbon," "unwashed," and other names signifying unyielding tenacity of purpose, untiring zeal, and unquenchable courage, are applied to the democratic party. No man who at all appreciates practical power can refrain from feeling an intense admiration for the prime attributes of the party whose nominal headship you have accidentally received. It is the one unchangeable feature in the realm of American politics. It is the Old Guard of our recent political history, differing in its characteristics from the subject of Cambronne's famous aphorism only in its absolute indestructibility. The democracy never dies, never surrenders, never willingly abandons the past or steps

forward to meet the future. The unbroken level of immutable identity remains from year to year, from one quadrenniate of power or prostration to another. A democrat of the "forties" would find himself entirely at home with his brethren of the "eighties" though he had spent the intervening years in the dreamy confines of Sleepy Hollow. A quarter of a century more fecund in marvels than any cycle of the past has not sufficed to change any of its essential attributes. Superficially, it may wear a different aspect. Here and there a new name and an unknown face, like your own, may appear upon the surface, but

> "The deepest ice which ever froze,
> Can only o'er the surface close;
> The living stream lies quick below,
> And flows and cannot cease to flow."

Even the overthrow of all its pet theories by the relentless logic of events has not served to modify, to any appreciable extent, its character or to change its identity. The failure of the fugitive slave law, its most cherished measure for the suppression of liberty and the perpetuation of its own power; the ill-success attending the repeal of the Missouri compromise; the overthrow of the doctrine that the nation may not coerce a sovereign state; the inability of the confederacy to make good the boast of a superior strength; the futility of all efforts to embarrass the government in the task of suppressing rebellion; the misfortune of Appomatox, which disproved its express declaration that the war was a failure; the fact that two hundred thousand colored men were allowed to nourish the tree

of liberty with the blood of a race condemned by democratic dogma to eternal servitude; the crumbling into dust of that distinctive democratic principle which constituted the corner-stone of the confederacy; the emancipation of the slave and his elevation to the rank of the citizen; the increased production of southern staples resulting from free labor; the fact that the national debt has not only been held sacred, but the national credit placed higher than that of any other nation—the fact that all these and many other untoward happenings, regarded from a democratic standpoint, have not sufficed to elicit a blush of shame or a word of apology or regret, may well be accepted as proving beyond all question that the democratic party is the one indestructible, unchangeable, earthly essence.

In addition to its immutability, the democratic party is distinguished also by its sublime capacity of forgetfulness. Like truth, it may be fitly claimed for democracy that "the eternal years of God are hers," since the memory of what it has been is always overlaid with the deceptive promise of what it hopes to be, and the shadow of what it has not done concealed by the glaring boast of what it would have done. While it may not always have perceived the truth, it has never found it necessary to acknowledge error. Its principles may become defunct, but it never gives them public burial. If it is guilty of any evil-doing it never proclaims its malfeasance from the housetop. If its leaders become infamous through crime or treason, it never joins in their denunciation. Jeff Davis and the famous foreman of "Big Six" are still sacred names in

the saintly calendar of democracy. Its dead are never buried. If its record becomes too odoriferous for farther transportation it is simply dropped by the wayside while the party sheers silently off to the windward, trusting with good reason to time and silence to entomb its shame. It erects no headstones to mark the resting-place of defunct aspirations. For it the past hides only actual or potential good. From the day when a democratic president extended the egis of national power over the threatened head of Swartwout, until a presidential candidate offered sanctuary in oblivion and delay to your faithful right-hand supporter, "999" Thompson, there has never been found a democrat who was in favor of turning the light on democratic malfeasance, except so far as might be necessary to enhance his own prospects or increase his individual dividend of public plunder. It is even believed that if Tweed had not been too stiff-necked and thick-headed to bow the knee in season to the mighty pigmy of Gramercy Park, the "Whisperer of Cipher Alley" would never have taken the trouble to reveal those pretended analyses of evil deeds which were in fact only the resentful revelations of disappointed accomplices.

The democratic party never wears sackcloth nor confesses shame. It never thrusts its lepers without the camp nor stones its Achans. If they grow too bold, or the contagion of their lives becomes too apparent, it simply sends them to the rear and puts between them and a curious world clean, white men of straw like yourself, who do their bidding while they serve to

screen the baneful past. By this means desertions are mostly avoided, and not only are "the ninety and nine" still safely kept "in the shelter of the fold," but there is "ample scope and verge enough" for such men as that greatest and boldest of municipal pirates who robs in undisturbed serenity on the island of Manhattan under the protection of that mystic democratic cabalism "999."

Nothing more clearly attests your especial fitness for the exalted destiny of chief of the "hungry hordes" that hope soon to prey with their faces set like a flint toward the white altar on the Capitoline hill, than the tender delicacy with which you followed the example of the sons of Noah and refused to look upon the shame of one whose procreant power had brought you out of nothingness to fame, and while "Thamis thou wert and Cawdor," had proclaimed that more exalted destiny that is about to be fulfilled by your corporeal occupancy of the presidential chair and the enjoyment of a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. In all history there is nothing more touching than the tearful alacrity with which you turned away your face and held your nose, lest any sense should bring to your consciousness the fact that the foul and festering nakedness of your "guide, philosopher, and friend" was exposed to the sacrilegious jeers of that unofficial Canaan which was born only to be damned. How tenderly and reverently, with a face suffused with ingenuous blushes, by and with the advice and consent of Mr. Manning, you moved backward and spread the white, impervious garment of official delay over the unseemly spectacle.

From that hour there was never a doubt of your worthiness to stand in the shoes which Jackson wore and Van Buren inherited; in which Polk was hidden away, and with which Buchanan endeavored to conceal the gouty members on which an infirm patriotism sought to stand.

In addition to these notable qualities the democratic party is very justly distinguished for its remarkable power of assimilation and the utilization of apparently irreconcilable elements. You are no doubt vaguely aware of this characteristic of your party. It is impossible that one should have worshiped, it matters not how drowsily, the two patron saints of our modern democracy, Jackson and Calhoun, without being struck by the flexibility of an organization which canonizes such antipodal natures and renders to each of the mutually destructive ideas that animated them an equal meed of praise. This seeming miracle, however, is as nothing to the one that has been performed in our day, and which may result in handing your name down to posterity as that of the third person in the democratic trinity. Such a combination would fulfill the prime condition of the mighty Brahman trio—a union of two positive, contrasted, and mutually destructive elements with one negative, unresisting, and indestructible neuter which serves as an eternal buffer against which the others beat in ceaseless activity yet without perceptible effect.

You are, of course, aware that the nucleus on which your party is formed consists of three distinct elements. First among these, both in number, character, and es-

sential manhood, are the ex-confederate, kuklux, red shirt, bulldozing, fraud-protecting bourbons of the south. The courage, numbers, and genius for government which they possess serve the same purpose for the democratic party that chopped meat performs for a sausage. They give it form, consistency, and flavor. With them is intermixed that spicy remnant of malignant copperheadism which is so well represented by the man who would be your successor if by any mishap you should have the good fortune to be translated from the sphere of duty on which you are about to enter before you had drawn the stipend attaching to a full term. The other basic element is that mass of neutral natures like your own, whose inclination is to do nothing that can be left undone. That confederates and copperheads should harmonize is of course as natural as confraternity between the thief and the receiver of unlawful plunder. An antipathy to danger or exertion and a constitutional inability to apprehend the wants and woes of others naturally incline the other class to this combination.

Thus far the development was normal and the result homogeneous. From that point it begins to take on that marvelous character which culminates in your election. How "mugwumps," whose lily fingers were soiled by the very thought of human imperfection, were brought to clasp the hands of those who had bathed the ballot-box in gore and join with them in "painting the town red" over a victory based on murder and perpetuated by unblushing and undeniable fraud; how the "civil-service reformers" could be

brought to co-operate with a party to which political plunder has always been as the breath of its nostrils; how the prohibitionists and rum-sellers could be induced to fall upon each others' necks and weep in mutual ecstacy over the downfall of the only party which had ever attempted to mitigate the evils of intemperance by wholesome legislation; how men, upon whose heads had been set a price for having favored the emancipation of the slave, could be persuaded to unite with boastful and arrogant oppressors of the freedman; how those whose wounds, received in self-forgetful exemplification of the prayer, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free," could not only be dragooned into co-operation with rebels who still boast of their unrepentant state, but also be wheedled into elevating into power men who stabbed them in the back while they fought for liberty—that these men and the sons of such men should put the past under their feet, trample on all that was honorable and worthy in their own lives and simply merge their political existence with the basis-mass of treasonable and fraudulent conglomerate which forms the nucleus of your party—all this constitutes a miracle the mystery of which no man can fathom.

This power of assimilation, which resides in the maw of democracy, is not only peculiar to it as a party, but has been a most important and essential element of its success. The party picked up all the stragglers from the enemy's columns, and by some strange magic induced them to serve in its own ranks without bounty or preferment. Nay, it went into the

very camp of its foes, blinded many of their subordinate leaders with the glare of a vain ambition, and led them away like the bound and blinded Samson to grind amid jeers and scoffs at the democratic mill. It seduced poor Horace Greeley from the two ideas on which his fame was based to take the leadership of the united hosts of treason and free trade. It flaunted the red flag of revenge before the angry eyes of Sumner, and led him to sully the last hours of a glorious career by subordinating public interests to personal malice. It took a war governor of a great state, who was so proud of the heritage of fame, which he had won in the hour of the nation's crucial agony, that he would condescend to serve his party in no position less honorable than that of senator, and made him content to occupy by sufferance merely the position of its puppet and apologist in the house of representatives. It took men who had won immortal honors in the forefront of battle in behalf of liberty, and blinding them by the mere promise of favor made them the most virulent assailants of their comrades in arms, and when the luster of the stars they had won was forever dimmed, thrust them into the ranks of its myrmidons and compelled them to drag onward its triumphal car and assist in elevating to seats of power men whose hearts had never throbbed with the sentiment of patriotism nor felt the tender thrill that comes responsive to oppressed humanity's appeal for right.

Amid all the exigencies of the past, however, this party has never once abandoned or betrayed its own. No sin of omission or commission has been sufficient

to incur the penalty of excommunication whenever such sin has been atoned by confession and submission. It has never been guilty of dividing the heritage of Israel with strangers or bestowing on unbelieving dogs anything more satisfying than the crumbs of promise, no matter how well they had served in dragging down its prey.

In but one instance, perhaps, has this party failed to reduce to the dead level of indistinguishable subserviency and inextricable submission the recreant republican, that multifariously endowed "favorite son," whom German revolution cast upon our shores, loaded to the muzzle with good advice, and ready and willing to wear himself to a shadow with polyglottic denunciation of all doubters of his infallibility—this man, the honor of whose citizenship some half-dozen commonwealths contend that they ought not to be compelled to bear—Mr. Carl Shurz, has thus far proved himself invincible to its wiles, even while performing its behests. This fact is not supposed to be due to ineradicable opposition on his part to any change of allegiance or renunciation of doctrine, but chiefly to that fine business instinct which leads him to prefer a moderate reward which is of a kind that materializes in the gross and suderific present to the most dazzling promises which the most lavish democratic fancy has yet been enabled to paint upon the canvas of the future. On more than one occasion his fecund brain, ever-ready tongue, and venom-laden pen, together with his self-declared leadership and proprietary right to dispose of "the German contingent," has rendered him a seemingly

valuable ally in a doubtful conflict. In all such negotiations heretofore, he is believed to have held "a full hand" against the "bob-tailed flush" in the possession of the democracy. The recent unexpected victory of that party would seem, however, to have left him a little behind. He comes promptly to the front and reminds the party that he had a weapon in his hands which even an organization so invulnerable to harmful assault may well dread to encounter—his advice. It were better to fight side by side with a blind man wielding a Damascus blade, than be required to back this Dugald Dalgetty of our politics, sent, it would seem, to avenge the slight our history has put upon the Hessian allies of King George, when the broad sword of monition whistles round his head and the rage that is born of wasted wisdom steels his arm.

Whether the democratic party will succeed in sitting down on this Boanerges of the Rhine or not is an undetermined problem. There are those who believe the story of Hans Breitmann's capture was an inspired vision prefigurant of the present relations between Carl Schurz and the democracy:

"Dey shtripped off his goat and skyugled his poots,
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;
But one gray-haired old veller smiled grimly and bet
Dot Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.

He has more on his pipe as dem vellers allows;
He has cardts yet in hand und *das spiel ist nicht aus*
Dey'll find dat dey took in der teufel to board,
De day dey pooled Breitmann well ofer de ford."

However this may be, he has already made public proffer to you of his advice. The follower whose unjust

accusation determined the tenor of my last letter by accusing me of unfriendliness to you little knows my admiration for a man who plays his hand, not only for all it is worth, but for a thousand times more than the most hopeful observer would ever appraise it. You have done this hitherto with the most exquisite skill of any man whose name is preserved in the world's history. Thus far no man has drawn so big a prize in the lottery of life upon so small an investment of achievement, power, or love as yourself. No man desires more sincerely than I to see you play out this hand to the very last card with like success. I am afraid you will not be able to do it. I see the pitfalls and the perils that beset your path, and do not believe that luck ever loaded any man so as to enable him to fall right side up on the softest thing in sight every time during a long series of years. All authorities agree that luck runs in streaks. Your streak has been a marvelously wide and unprecedentedly rich one. Even now the chances seem wondrously in your favor. With such a party as the democracy behind you, and bound to you with that gratitude which always attends a full meal after a fast so long that the memory of many of them "runneth nôt to the contrary," you should be able to cap the climax of the world's successes. I most devoutly trust that you may. Such success upon your part would wipe out a thousand limitations which the past has cast around young lives. It would enlarge the area of possibility; extend the field of competition; provide a new definition of free government, and furnish a tremendous argument

against the doctrine of an intelligent fate. It would show, also, what the country could do in developing sterile fields and overturning established theories. As an American I am anxious, therefore, for your success. I would like to see you keep the democratic party at your back and trump every trick they may play for the extinction of the almost imperceptible individuality which yet remains to you. I have shown you how faithfully the party sticks to its own "through evil as well as good report." You have yourself demonstrated how closer than a child that nestles in a mother's bosom it clings to the bringer of good luck and the dispenser of patronage. If you can only keep them on "the ragged edge" of such expectancy the future holds nothing that you need fear. Yet I can but tremble for you. Schurz has proffered his advice! Oh, my dear sir, beware! The shirt of Nessus—nay, all the shirts that Nessus ever had—were not to be compared to the danger that clings to this. No president-elect ever listened to his voice and escaped the deep damnation of irretrievable failure. German unity was found impossible until after his expatriation. Oh, my dear sir, if you have any shadow of doubt as to the invincibility of your destiny; if you have any regard for your fair future fame; if you have any hope to die in peace and rest even in undisturbed oblivion, I implore you to avoid this stirrer-up of strife, whose restless spirit seeks even now to mate with your unrippled being. If there be any remote land, any place "where tropic suns breed pestilence," to which he might be induced to accept voluntary banishment,

even by the bestowment of the best office that shall be in your gift, I pray you do not withhold your favor. A grateful country will bless you for the act, and I am sure your party would willingly create for this express purpose, say a Central American mission, with practically unlimited perquisites and life tenure, provided only that residence at Guayaquil be made compulsory on the incumbent. Verbum sat.

SIVA.

NEW YORK, December 30.

No. V.

ACTION AND INACTION MUTUALLY EQUAL.

To Grover Cleveland, President Elect:

My Dear Sir,—It is exceedingly gratifying to know that the letters heretofore addressed to you have not been entirely without effect. It has been my hope and purpose from the first to prick your consciousness so as at least to waken you to the fact that even a man of destiny cannot trust altogether to his luck. My thorough knowledge of your character convinced me that the only method of appeal at all likely to be heeded was to invite the public to look upon you as you know yourself to be, the one element of your nature strong enough to afford leverage to a good purpose being your love of approbation. I wished, if possible, to stir you up to achieve a nobler eminence and deserve a better fame than the vain distinction of being a mere inert favorite of fortune. While I cannot truthfully declare that I have a very exalted opinion either of your moral worth or intellectual power, the fact is not to be denied that a marvelous concatenation of events has placed before you an opportunity for noble and patriotic achievement quite unparalleled in our past history, save only in the cases of Washington and Lincoln. You will note that these men obtained immortality, not by inaction, self-gratulation or premature boastfulness, but by a humility almost amounting

to distrust, a devotion to the interests of the country which extinguished all consideration of self and a fearless performance of duty without regard to party or faction, save as instrumentalities by which great ends might be accomplished. It was not opportunity that made these great names, but the improvement of opportunity. In their cases the opportunities demanded unusual mental powers, a fitness to be derived only from an intimate and peculiar knowledge of public men and measures, and of the interests and characteristics of the whole country.

Washington, when called to lead the continental armies, was unquestionably the man of widest military experience, with the most proved executive power, and the most extensive knowledge of the leading men, business interests, and characteristics of the various colonies, that the country contained. He knew the north, the south, the east, and the west of the king's dominions in America more thoroughly than any other man of his day. It was undoubtedly this extensive knowledge of a continent, the vastness and capacity of which no other so well understood, that led him at the most critical juncture of the war to fix his camp at Valley Forge, covering the one known avenue to the boundless west, in which, if the worst should come, a few hundred veterans might constitute not only an invincible force, but also the nucleus of a new empire, which would make the thin line of settlements along the coast utterly indefensible by any foreign power. So, too, when he came to the presidency, he both knew the people better, and was better known of them, than

any man in the country. The same was true in a peculiar sense of Mr. Lincoln. He knew the south by inherent instinct. His parents had brought with them from the Kentucky knobs that particularly characteristic stamp which the south puts upon its poorer classes. No man born of such parentage can ever expunge his birth-right mark. To this was added an especially intimate knowledge of all phases of western life, while both were supplemented by an official experience familiarizing him not only with the routine of public business, but with the public men and measures of the time, a professional experience of great scope and variety, and a forensic training that fitted him to cope successfully with the foremost political debater of that period of marvelous oratorial displays. Added to all these, he had in a very marked degree, thatpeculiar sympathy with the needs and thoughts of others that fitted him to interpret, with the utmost accuracy and subtlety, the unuttered aspirations of the people. "The common poople heard him gladly," and responded to every appeal for their support which he made as the nation's head, because he had listened with tender sympathy to the throbbing of the great national heart, and when he spoke to them he only phrased their own unconscious thought.

You have been compared by inconsiderate admirers to both of these immortal names. Save in opportunity there is no room for such comparison; contrast only defines the relation between you and them in every other respect. Thus far your right to recognition, even as a child of destiny, rests upon the good fortune which has

attended inaction. Your fame, if such a thing you have, is based upon bare negation; theirs upon hard achievement. Yet neither of these men would at any period of their lives have dreamed of assuming the boastful Jovian tone of your recent letter to Mr. Curtis. Neither would either of these simple, manly natures have written or inspired a letter intended to read one way and be taken another. Reading your letter yesterday I felt irresistibly compelled to go back and refresh my moral nature by a reperusal of that open letter addressed by Mr. Lincoln, "To whom it may concern," and said to have been published, or at least prepared, without the knowledge of any of his cabinet, by which in apt but unmistakable words he cut the knot of a most embarrassing and difficult situation; put an end to a most perilous cabal, and yet showed in every sentence the modesty and self-forgetful earnestness of the inborn gentleman combined with the fervor of a devoted patriot. Should you ever have reason to prepare another document intended for the people, allow me to suggest the advisability of having your amanuensis read and study the speeches and papers of the great liberator. If he could acquire something of the simple earnestness and evident sincerity which characterize that great man's public utterances it would unquestionably be of signal service to you in the future. Perhaps, however, it is too much to expect a nature such as yours to even assume the mental lineaments of one so nobly great.

Indeed, it is not necessary that you should show yourself in any important particular the equal of either

of these great world-exemplars. While the opportunity lies before you for the achievement of a renown not less glorious and enduring than theirs, your task is a thousand-fold less difficult of accomplishment, and demands no such rare combination of mental and moral gifts. They required the wisdom of the serpent, the gentleness of the dove, the keenness of the eagle's vision, and the courage of the lion-heart. The attributes which your situation demands are very different. The stubbornness of the ass, the kicking capacity of the mule, and the insensibility of the salamander are the three prime moral qualities which are essential to your success. Only the most moderate mental attainments are requisite to enable you to take advantage of your good fortune and become more famous than your rosiest dreams have ever pictured your future. It must be admitted, too, that you are peculiarly well fitted to undertake this task and utilize your opportunities. Your characteristics are not unlike those required by the situation, though lacking the peculiar activity and earnestness which characterize the rearward manifestations of the equine hybrid. Your stubbornness has been much vaunted by that wing of your supporters who seek to find a justification of their own recent defection from the republican party in some notable sinus that parts the rubicundity of your triumph-lighted visage, and betokens an unparalleled invincibility of patriotic purpose. They declare, with something of the overpositiveness that betrays a latent dubiousness, that you will stand immovable as a wall between the "hungry horde" who are already burning

incense under your nostrils in public and in secret heating the gridiron which is to be applied to the more conspicuous and sensitive portion of your development in case of your refusal to accede to their demands. No doubt many of them have misconceived your ponderous *vis enertia,* and accepted it for active resisting capacity.

Gradually a doubt in regard both to your ability and inclination to resist such pressure, not in the public thought, but in what these declarants are pleased to call the minds of "the best men"—that blessed remnant who are to us what the five virtuous souls would have been to Sodom had they by good luck been therein. In fact, the public, meaning thereby the masses of the people, have given very little credence to such reports, having not only an abiding confidence in the frailty of human nature, but especially in that human nature which makes averments essentially at variance with its own surroundings, antecedents, and reasonable inclinations. Besides that, the general public is composed of two great classes, republicans and democrats. The masses of the republican party entertain no doubt that the leaders of the democracy would never have permitted your election to the presidency, under the auspices of that party, unless they had the most direct and positive assurance that you would spare no exertion to supply, by hook or by crook, the "hungry hordes" that look to you for the reasonable rewards of services rendered. So, too, the masses of the democratic party regarded with smiling incredulity the declaration of the allied "mug-

wumps" that you had surrendered your conscience and your power into their keeping, and that offices and endowments were to constitute no part of the reward of the faithful. They know too well the characteristics of the party, with what strength of nerve and equinimity of stomach it faces the stench of evil deeds and the glare of popular odium. They have too firm a confidence in the pertinacity and unscrupulousness of its controlling elements to doubt its capacity to shift your center of gravity, should you have been so indiscreet as to have made any such resolution as the midwives who believed themselves to have officiated at your second birth attributed to you. This mass of incredulous listeners to this old-wife's fable were confirmed in their views by the evidently clear and truthful portrayal of your mental and moral lineaments in these letters. In the face of this evident testimony of public sentiment the little group of worshiping perfectionists who thought they had entered into and pervaded your being by some transmutation similar to that which impelled the swine "down a steep place into the sea," even began to waver in their many times repeated confidence in their ability to wag the dog, the head of which you chance to represent, while they but constitute its tail's bedraggled tip.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Curtis and his friends, in the high-sounding name of an indefinite body, whose shadowy outlines may be made to embrace unnumbered thousands, by the magic of a vivid fancy brooding over chaotic space, addressed you a letter, portentous in form and pathetic in its tone of ill-concealed apprehen-

sion, begging you to say something that might be used to soothe and pacify those who had followed them in their desertion from the republican camp.

I do not blame you for being annoyed at this unseasonable and unreasonable request. It was a most provoking letter; there can be no doubt of that, and only a practical marplot like Mr. Curtis would ever have thought of placing you in such a dilemma at such a time, when your Christmas dinner was already spoiled, and your digestion threatened for a month to come with vain efforts to solve the problem how best to serve imperiled favorites whom you dare not neglect—whether you should dismiss out and out the charges of corruption against your official friends, or leave them to be lost in transit between your hands and your successor's. Besides that, it put you in that situation of all things most unpleasant to a man of your temper and inclination—a place where something must be done.

Fortunately, it was not a situation that, according to your settled determination of appearing to run with the hare and actually holding with the hounds, admitted of more than one course. A letter must be written. It would not do to fall back upon the threadbare generalities of that scantily-furnished document — your letter of acceptance. To do that, even you at once perceived, would be to confirm the scorn of those who mocked and weaken the faith of those who tried to believe. It was necessary that the letter should be so framed as to accomplish several distinct purposes. First, it was essential that it should seem to say to Mr. Curtis any his friends that you would devote your

entire time and undiminished energy from 8:30 a. m. until 11:59 p. m., during your entire term of office, Sundays and the Fourth of July alone excepted, in studying and applying in letter and in spirit, the all-important and never-to-be-sufficiently exalted ideas of the N. C. S. R. L., and applying the same according to the notions of the said body, and especially that you would exercise the constitutional prerogative only by the advice and consent of those assuming to speak on its behalf. After this had been so clearly set forth as to seem unmistakable, it was still more essential that it should be made clearly apparent to the rank and file of the democracy that your ideas of civil-service reform were not at all of a character to interfere with the distribution of the public patronage to "hungry hordes" whose girdles were drawn to the last hole to stay the pangs which gnawed their long collapsed organs. The letter must be of a character to quiet the apprehensions of one class and at the same time confirm the expectations of the other.

This task would seem to most natures to be by no means easy of performance, but to you it appeared to present no difficulty. A singular scorn of the public capacity for discriminating between the true and the false, the genuine and the sham, has grown up in your mind as a result of your own experience. Even your phenomenal self-appreciation cannot hide from you the fact that the public has been wheedled with the most transparent devices to accept you at an overvaluation which even you found it for a long time almost impossible to accept. This knowledge leads you to suppose

that, at least in all things relative to yourself, the public are so gullible and greedy to believe impossible things, that it will take note of no inconsistency and doubt no absurdity that you may utter.

This was the theory on which your reply to Mr. Curtis was evidently framed. The man to whom you entrusted its preparation performed his task fairly well. The document is altogether the most creditable that has yet appeared over your signature. It is not so puerile as your vetoes, so crude and disjointed as your letter of acceptance, nor so amazingly redundant in egotistic iteration as your scattering speeches of the campaign. It is evident to a tyro that the same hand could not have written this epistle and the famous letter to the wife of that eminent clerical advocate of your election, whose course was almost as exceptional among his brethren as the argument he used in pressing your claim was singular and amazing in the mouth of a minister and astoundingly suggestive in his own.

It is especially creditable to the draughtsman of this instrument that he has left the loophole of escape, in the words of a favorite legal maxim, "wide enough to drive a cart and oxen through." In setting you up against that paper boulder known as the civil-service act, which looks so terribly firm and is so feathery, light and frail, he is careful not to commit you by denominating it a law or even an act of congress, but simply a "statute"—a thing having the form of law, an enactment expressing the will of a legislative body, but which may or may not be within the scope of their authority. This you are made subtly to approve, be-

cause your belief in democratic reverence for law is so overwhelming as to require that "all statutes should be enforced in good faith." The picture is a fine and graphic one. Some historical artist should seize upon the idea and give us your heroic figure, full life-size or a little more, its broader part securely braced against the rock of civil service, your hand brandishing the sword of reform, and your lips shouting to the hungry hordes in front:

> "Come one! Come all! This rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!"

Unfortunately for this idea, you know, and every one knows, that this pretended rock has no basis in the constitution; that a republican president has recognized it and allowed it to be enforced only because he thought there was a public desire that the experiment should be tried, and that you, as a democratic president, will be duly authorized, empowered and expected to kick this pretended barrier to flinders and wield the sword of reform for the decapitation of all republican officials, with a willingness and alertness that will soothe the "perturbed spirit" of the patron saint of democracy who first exemplified the power of that inspiring watchword, "To the victors belong the spoils."

It is a singular fact that the civil service reformers, while professing a regard for the law which they modestly claim to be too exalted for the comprehension of ordinary minds, have yet begun their good work by securing the adoption of a statute admittedly and unquestionably unconstitutional and void in nearly all of

its provisions, saving and excepting the establishment of a well-salaried commission to do such work as it may suit "the gracious will and pleasure" of the president to allow them to perform. It is well known, especially to you who know so well how strong in seeming yet how weak in fact such vague pretensions are, that the rules adopted by President Arthur are not binding upon his successors, and that the president defacto may at any time not only revise, modify, abrogate, or disregard such rules, but he may decline to make new ones, and leave the entire machine created by the statute with nothing to act upon. From the first the advocates of this measure have not dared to claim any binding force in this farcical simulation of legislative forms, but have simply declared that when once the new machine got into running order no president would dare refuse to fill the hopper and recognize the grist. They apparently forgot that the abuse of legal forms—the designation of that as law, which depends solely on the will of the chief executive for its sanction, is one of the most fruitful methods of debauching the public mind and breaking down respect for legitimate enactment and constitutional authority.

They seem also to have forgotten that by such enactment they were offering to a president who might be so inclined, not only a *pou sto* on which to rest the lever of his authority in an attempt to overthrow the entire system, but have also put in his hands a weapon which, wielded by a skillful hand with the ever-faithful democracy standing ready to back his patriotic claim, would constitute a very potent defense before that

tribunal most supremely jealous of all usurpation of authority, the American people. They have constantly boasted that no president would dare defy the public sentiment which would be aroused by a disregard of the provisions of this so-called act of congress. Yet a president might well say that his oath of office bound him to support the constitution, and that to recognize anything having the form of law and claiming, *a priori* to be a valid enactment which was yet inconsistent with constitutional requirement was a palpable violation of this oath. He might even go farther and assert that to recognize an act or mere concurrent resolution of the two houses of congress as law which professes to limit or contravene, directly or indirectly, the discretion vested by the constitution in the chief executive, no matter how heartily he might approve the general purpose and intent of such a measure, would be in derogation of his oath and lending the sanction of precedent to what might lead to dangerous usurpation on the part of the legislative branch of the government in the future. It would be entirely consistent for such a man to plant his feet upon the rock of the constitution and appeal to the people to sustain him in a contest for its preservation and sanctity. He might even refuse to recognize the so-called law and at the same time consistently and urgently recommend the submission of a constitutional amendment authorizing the legal establishment of such a system to the legislatures of the various states. This would make such a man *par excellence* the civil-service reformer of the day; would transfer the whole question to the original

source of power, the people of the different states; would be in entire accord with democratic doctrine, and especially complimentary of the carefully conditioned advocacy of *a* reform of the civil service incorporated in the last democratic platform without any specific or troublesome allusion to *the* reform which the republican party, with the help of "Gentleman George" and a few other democrats since held in marked disfavor by their party associates, had already attempted to put in operation.

Such a man would require some nerve and a tough hide. The republican party would represent a constant line of fire in his front. The civil-service reformers would keep the air full of hissing rockets and sulphurous exhalations. Yet a united and uxultant democracy would stand behind him armed to the teeth with argugument, flying a motley array of banners perhaps, as they did throughout the south in jubilation over your election, but every one of them would be inscribed with some laudatory device expressive of undying devotion to the constitution. The salvos of praise that would be fired into his ears would drown the remote din of the opposition; other issues would be overlaid; time would be gained, and it is by no means certain that he would not win. The fact is that a president who sits squarely down on any part of the constitution and constantly reiterates his determination to stay, no matter how hard the storm may blow, is a terrible hard squatter to remove. Mr. Hendricks has already manifested a willingness to volunteer for such a task, and there is no reasonable doubt that, in case Provi-

dence should kindly furnish him the opportunity, the rugged old Hoosier would carry out such a policy with a vim and energy that would recall to the minds of the most ancient moss-backs of the party the palmiest days of "Old Hickory." Such a course would be somewhat too active and positive a policy for you to be expected to adopt of your own notion, yet if it should promise advantage to yourself your letter shows that you are not unmindful of its existence, and that you recognize the value of that harmonious evasion which appears in the democratic platform, which is somewhat clumsily phrased in your letter of acceptance and is embodied with labored fullness in the last diagnostic bulletin of your mental condition.

Respectfully,

NEW YORK, January 7, 1885. SIVA.

No. VI.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—Though I noted several points in your carefully prepared letter to Mr. Curtis, in my last, there are some very significant ones which space did not allow me there to consider. Mr. Henry Waterson, in his recent flippant attack upon your defeated opponent, says that if you "were ten times a statesman you could not fill the expectation of your supporters." Remembering what "a hungry horde" Mr. Curtis lately claimed the bulk of them to be, this may be accepted as undeniably true. At the same time it is evident that without having given evidence of being even *once* a statesman, you are determined to try the experiment. Perhaps no literary curiosity, certainly no public document, was ever so evenly balanced and carefully divided as your first public act in relation to the presidency since your election—your letter to Mr. Curtis. This is in effect the first act of your administration and as such, merits especial scrutiny. A man who studies it with your character clearly defined in his memory will be well rewarded. It is unquestionably the key of that policy which will be inaugurated on the 4th of March next, and on the success or failure of which your future fame will rest, nothing of your past being of sufficient importance to color it, and no

farther future being probable. One-half, by actual measurement, was devoted to assuring the civil-service reformers that you always had been and always would be a stanch and earnest supporter of their peculiar views—while the latter undivided moiety is occupied with assuring your democratic friends that they have nothing to fear from any such proclivity on your part. For each of these purposes it is a little curious that you require the same number of words, or to be more precise, two hundred and eighty-one for the one and two hundred and seventy-nine for the other.

Most public men are called upon at times to weigh their words, but you are probably the only one that ever counted them. So far as actual partition was possible, you divided your powers of assertion and assurance equally to the two inharmonious elements between which you stand as the one point of peaceable contact. It is true that the reformers are few and the democrats many, that the one desired a promise that you would continue to bear testimony in favor of their pet idea and the other a satisfactory assurance that you intended a square deal. It was not your policy to offend either, and while you walked hand in hand with both no one should ever accuse you of partiality. So you measured out with the most rigorous good faith two hundred and eighty words of taffy to the small but select band upon the left, and a like amount of reassurance to the "hungry horde" upon the right. This even-handed distribution of favor you, perhaps, expect to be satisfactory to both, and never once dream that either faction will look upon one half of the letter

as a practical nullification of the other, leaving you really in the condition of one who has not spoken at all. Such was not the view which a leading light of the democracy took of the letter, which he read and commented upon in my hearing:

"It is evident," said he, "that Mr. Cleveland means to play 'mugwump' against democrat and make each the excuse for not satisfying the other, and it won't do."

I confess it had not occurred to me before how deftly you were preparing to secure your own ease and inaction by offsetting against each other the mutually conflicting forces whose united action constituted you what you are, and who now look forward with no little anxiety to see what you *will be*.

This letter paves the way for three distinct openings or gambits, as a chess-player would say, either of which you may adopt at the outset of your administration, or fall back upon at any future stage of the game. It makes it possible for you to go with either of these factions; to yield something to the one and grant much to the other, or, in the event that it should be impossible for you to secure harmony by a half-way course of that character, to cut loose from both and take such course as might seem to you for the good of the nation, without regard to individuals, parties, or factions. Perhaps I ought to add a fourth, modeled on your gubernatorial policy, to wit, a continual state of threatening to take each of these courses in alternation and ultimately taking neither. Considering these various gambits of the great match you are

about to play, it should be remembered that your own fame as a Man of Destiny, as you styled yourself when your election to the presidency first became a fact to your consciousness, is the great stake for which you will play. Second in rank no doubt in your mind is the success and approval of the democratic party, not from any lively sense of gratitude for the honor it has conferred upon itself in making you its candidate, but from a well-founded fear of the castigation it would bestow upon you in case you should betray its trust and disappoint its hopes. You know how relentlessly it pursues its enemies and how it heaps up curses on the graves of those who dare to abandon its tenets, and you can imagine what an eternity of infamy it would attach to his name who, by its power, had been wafted to the pinnacle of honor and who should then deny to it the well-earned and long-deferred pillage of the enemy's camp. At the same time you are not unmindful of the torment you may receive from that small but restless, arrogant, uncompromising, and not-to-be-intimidated faction, the "independents." It is an apparent misfortune, but may prove to you a real blessing, that something better than nine-tenths of the votes cast for your electors were so thrown because the voters believed you to be a good, stanch, and reliable democrat, while the other small but necessary fraction claim to have voted for you on the especial ground that you were not a dyed-in-the-wool democrat, but were a modified half and half sort of new type, if not even a distinct species, whose especial characteristic was an irresistible inclination to disregard the wishes

and despise the methods of the party to whom he owed his elevation. These men are a most unpleasant fact to one of your temperament and inclination. Like a hornet, they are always found sting-end uppermost. They sting their friends to show their independence, their enemies to show their impartiality, and each other to keep themselves in practice. They are a bundle of crooked sticks, who show all the bigger for the knots and protuberances which stick out on all sides. They are an uncomfortable lot at the best and it may yet become a most serious question for your decision whether they are the more unpleasant in conjunction or apogee.

Considering all these facts in connection with your well-known mental characteristics, it hardly admits of a doubt what course you will attempt to pursue. It is as certain as any future event can be that you will attempt to divide your administration as you have your letter, pretty equally between the two allied forces and will endeavor to use each to restrain the urgency of the other. You will say to the independents, when they protest against a slaughter of the innocents:

"Well, you know I must yield something to the prejudices and importunity of my democratic friends. I shouldn't have a day's peace if I did not make some removals. As it is now, they worry me almost to death. I am as good a civil-service reformer as any one, but I cannot do everything at once. We must go slow. I was a civil-service reformer before I was elected governor. Don't you know I reformed the police when I was mayor of Buffalo? I wanted to continue the

hangman who had done such jobs for a number of years, when I was sheriff; but the watchword then was 'economy and reform'—economy coming first you observe—'and a reduction in the number of officials.' Now, it was evidently cheaper and saved one official for me to do the job myself. Believing every 'public office to be a public trust' I could not well have done otherwise. You need have no fear of me as a reformer, but you know these clerks and postmasters and the like have nearly all of them made themselves odious to the good people of their respective vicinities by their political course. I suppose nearly every one of them voted the republican ticket, and probably most of them did it openly, or at least told of it, perhaps bragged about it. No doubt a good many of them paid money to secure my defeat. This will never do. Such people 'must be taught' that a modest exercise of their political privileges means something entirely different from that. We must go slow, and you must have patience with me. I mean all right. You just wait till my administration ends before you make up your mind about it. Don't judge it by piecemeal—all I want is time and opportunity. I only wish that civil service was not such a weak, imperfect thing. If it were only well founded in the constitution I would soon show these applicants for office what is what. As it is now, don't you see I am afraid if I stand too straight on it they will repeal the whole thing. Then where will our civil-service reform be? It must be worked easy and quietly for a few terms, with a good many exceptions to the rule, you know, and after awhile it will get such a hold

on the public mind that no one will ever think of questioning its validity. Just wait till I get through and you will see."

When your civil-service reform follower shall have left the presence, you will tell to the lean and hungry democrat who succeeds him and who comes with voluminous recommendations in behalf of himself and his friends to seek the reward of a score of years of hopeless and degrading servitude to democratic inconsistency and folly—you will tell to this man who urges the necessity of making hay during the continuance of the accidental sunshine of your supremacy a very different story.

You understand full well his sad condition. You know how for years the distended teat of public patronage has hung within his sight, but just above his reach. You know how the tantalizing vision has filled his sleeping and waking thought, how "*sæpe etiam nunc ubera mammarum in somnis lactantia quæret.*" You understand how hope has led him on during this long period of irrepressible yearning and enforced abstinence:

> "And wherever the way seemed long,
> Or his heart began to fail,
> She sang a more wonderful song,
> Or told a more marvelous tale."

With all this burden of accumulated hopes and the angry vehemence which springs from long-continued and unjust denial of unquestionable right, you are well aware that the long-suffering patriot is dreadfully in earnest. He is of too much consequence to be denied

a hearing, and has never earned a place upon the long list of those who have condemned themselves to eternal disfavor by even a weak admission that the most marked of your personal characteristics does not constitute a prime prerequisite for the proper discharge of the duties of the presidential office, which is in its nature, you will remember, "essentially executive." He served your interests by serving the party which has heaped its highest honors on your head, long before you were discovered, dug out of the malodorous slums of Buffalo and set up a whitewashed sham for an earnest and clean-minded people to bow before as an exemplar of American life and the representative of national power. There is no sham about your visitor. With him "life is real, life is earnest." He believes in God and the democracy, and if he has ever any doubt with regard to either, dutifully gives the Supreme Being the benefit thereof. He is a stanch friend and a good hater—a prime average democrat of the ancient regulation standard. To such a man you will say, when he delicately hints that the doctrine of rewards and punishments is an essential canon of orthodox democracy, according to the tenor of the latter moiety of your recent epistle:

"I quite agree with you, my dear sir, and just as fast as I can, without waking an outcry against myself, you will find that I shall do precisely as you suggest. I don't intend to forget the democratic party, nor go back on its principles or its workers. You may be sure of that. But we must go slow. You see it won't do to fly in the face of this civil-service reform

idea all at once. I must be careful and get up a reputation as a reforming president, you know. Only let these folks talk me up for a year or two and it don't make any difference what they say afterward. They expect me to go a good way anyhow. They know something how I am situated, and if I confine myself for a time mainly to those offices that the civil-service farce does not apply to they will laud me to the skies. Then when I have gotten through with these, and they have established my reputation, we can turn in on the others, and, upon one cause or another, remove the last one of them. I tell you that I am going to stand by the democracy, and before my term is over you will find every office in the country, with few notable exceptions, left on purpose to refer to as certificates of character, in possession of the party, and we will go into the next campaign with all the offices and all the money behind us. That is what I am after—a long lease of power instead of a short term. We will 'turn the rascals out,' on the plea of reforming the civil service, and when we get everything in our own hands, will oust the reformers themselves on the ground of a tender regard for the constitutional rights of my successors, and then, with a 'solid south' to back us up and growing solider every day, we can keep the rascals out indefinitely. But we must go slow, my friend; we must go slow. It would not do to rouse the civil-service reformers too soon. If we do the republicans will whirl in and propose a constitutional amendment, as the reformers ought to have done at the start, and by getting a solid north against us lay us out 'as stiff

as a mackerel' next time. We must not give them time to combine and rally on that line before the next election."

This plan of alternate doses of taffy to each of the conflicting elements is undoubtedly the policy you have decided upon to secure your peace and comfort and the continued adulation of both during the early part of your administration at least. It is possible that you even entertain a hope that it may be a part of your incalculable destiny to carry this scheme through your whole term—to dazzle the eyes of the reformers with shallow pretenses, to feed the democracy with hopes until you can gradually satisfy them with more substantial tokens of your loyalty to the party, and so perhaps close your presidential career and leave behind a fame as dubious and ill-defined as your present reputation. It is possible that in this you may succeed. So far as the reformers are concerned they are unquestionably the most easily deceived body of men ever found in American politics. All that they need is a toy-mirror which reflects and magnifies themselves. As long as you turn this toward them and show them their own lineaments extended to heroic dimensions they will be content. The major portion of them are men who lack that constitutional ruggedness which would enable them to mingle in the struggle of parties and win that leadership they believe themselves intellectually fitted to exercise. They are skilled swordsmen, but the sweat and dust of the arena, the clamor of the populace, and the focusing upon them of unnumbered eyes are too much for their self-control, and

the untrained Philistine, who has only audacity, brute strength, and insensibility to such influences in his favor, bears them down and carries off the palm. There are probably ten thousand of these sensitive souls who would have died of agony had the blistering facts your life reveals been blazoned to the world. These men admire you all the more because of that natural insensibility which led you to regard these things with only a sort of wandering incredulity. Their feeling is one of amazement that you lived through the storm of shameful allegation against which there was no shield even of reasonable doubt. Your feeling is one of surprise that any one should deem it really important whether such things were true or not. This uncomprehended fact makes you to them a hero, and you have only to impress upon their minds the fact that you endured all this terrible castigation in the patriotic and self-forgetful hope of pushing forward their pet idea, to make them your willing slaves, who will count themselves honored by the pressure of your foot upon their necks. There are others of this class whom the world has forgotten, and who have never forgiven the world for this act of transparent injustice. They, too, wish to see themselves reflected in the mirror of success. They will not ask much, but if you can keep them well inflated with the idea that you exist and act mainly for their approval, they will permit you to do almost anything without suspicion or rebuke. For these men you have only to call your most flagrant use of power a reformatory measure, and they will be content. They are given to the use of superlatives, too,

and a few months of merely tolerable forbearance in the use of the guillotine will estop forever their condemnation.

Thus far your plan is a good one, and apparently as feasible as riding down a slippery slope on a toboggan. The other part of the programme, however, presents more difficulty. No democrat has ever dared attempt to stand between that party in the hour of victory and the spoils for which it fought. No one who has the most remote knowledge of your character anticipates any such display of heroism on your part, neither does any such person suppose that you at all believe that there is any good reason why you should make such an attempt. While you are by no means deficient in a cunning which sometimes approaches sagacity, the purpose you have in view is invariably your own advantage. You are greedy of fame and the approval of mankind, so long as the same may be secured without sacrifice or exertion on your part. You know that you have nothing to expect after the term which will so soon begin. You would like to float through its four years softly and easily. You would be glad to have it said that you had made a reasonably fair president. You do not care about having it said that you have done much good, if you can escape the reputation of having done great harm. If you cannot accomplish this desirable feat, however, you are sure to go with that faction who will give you the best backing and be most likely to speak well of you after your political demise. This being the case, you are no more likely to put yourself into the hands of the reformers than to strike out for

yourself on any independent line of administration; but when the laudation of the reformers has neutralized the effect of future blame, and duplicity is no longer possible, you will abandon the gamut with which you set out, cast yourself into the arms of the democracy without reserve, and hope to win remembrance on that day which is annually dedicated to its hero-saint, as one who, if you could not emulate his virtue, was not afraid to practice his vices—who, if you had neither opportunity nor capacity to save the nation, did not forget to divide the spoils, and thereby save the party which he founded, by restoring the policy he inaugurated.

Yours respectfully,

NEW YORK, January 15, 1885. SIVA.

No. VII.

"CONFIRMATION STRONG AS PROOFS FROM HOLY WRIT."

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—Events are hastening. Little more than a month and you will be the president—the first of a democratic dynasty or the most stupendous of political failures. Every incident that occurs tends not only to confirm the truth of my predictions, but also the correctness of my diagnosis of your character. If your letter to Mr. Curtis had been dictated by me instead of being inspired by you, it could not more explicitly have sustained my view, both of your strength and your weakness. Only to a mind such as I have depicted yours to be could ever have occurred so transparent a device as the equable distribution of conflicting promises for the purpose of pacifying contending factions or misleading a watchful enemy. Perhaps there is not another man in the whole country who would not have said of such a scheme, "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." But the birds for whom your snare was set had so often watched the liming of twigs without a suspicion that you had come to despise their sagacity and to believe that the most transparent of devices employed in your behalf were certain to succeed. Your plan succeeded admirably because of its very simplicity. The independents as

a rule have swallowed the bolus entire for the sake of the treacle on the front end, while the democrats, accustomed to suspect duplicity in every one, have simply put their tongues in their cheeks, pulled down an eye in derision of the vealiness of their suckling allies, and quietly "chawing" off the last half of the epistle have rolled it "as a sweet morsel under their tongues."

If I had needed explicit confirmation of my estimate of your character, however, I should never have looked to secure it in such compact and forceful form as you have given it in your twelve-word letter resigning the office of governor of the state of New York in order that you might become eligible for the office of president of the United States. It was an occasion when the most ordinary respect for the people of the state who had lifted you from an obscurity honorable neither in its cause nor in its character, to the highest office within their gift, and then, displaying an amazing forbearance with your proved infirmities, had again given their voice to lift you to the highest pinnacle of earthly distinction—a distinction which you would never have attained but for their aid—would seem not only to have suggested, but to have absolutely compelled even the most inert and obdurate nature to have uttered some word of manly recognition of such unmatched favor.

Considered in itself, the governorship of the Empire state is not an honor to be lightly assumed or carelessly thrown aside, even by the most eminent and deserving citizen who ever dwelt within her borders.

The long array of notable names that adorn the list of your predecessors—the faces of those distinguished patriots that looked down upon you from the walls of your office as you wrote, as if even yet exultingly proud of the honor conferred upon them by their fellow citizens, should have rebuked your egotism and have made even your stolid nature ashamed to leave so base a record of ingratitude. Think of either of the Clintons—whose names the greatness and the glory of the Empire state bears ever onward to a fresher immortality; think of Tompkins—four times in succession honored with the chief magistracy; think of Marcy—the irreproachable and incorruptible, who put away the offer of the presidency, the prospect of which, to your mind, swallows up all other thought, proudly and scornfully, lest the future should believe that he could be forgetful of his pledge to another; think of Seward—to whom this highest honor the state could give was only a stepping-stone to a pedestal that lifts him forever above the world's forgetfulness; think of Seymour—stained though his memory must ever be with the blood of her citizens slain in needless riot—a patriot by instinct made half a traitor by association; think of Tilden—fallen from the pinnacle of the reformer to the whimpering whisperer, who was willing to enjoy the fruits of fraud, but too miserly to pay the agents of his infamy; think even of Hoffman—till you came, the last and least worthy of the line; think of one of these or any of their compeers casting back into the lap of the people of the state of New York the highest honor in their gift, with no more sense of

thankfulness than a tramp would express in shying a picked bone at a cur's head.

But such an act would have been far less unbecoming and discreditable to any one of them than to you, for to even the least of your predecessors the governorship was a far more deserved exaltation than to yourself. If these eminent citizens were honored by that dignity, what shall be said of that man who within half a decade before his election as governor had accounted himself lucky beyond all previous expectation in that he was thriftily allowed to perform with his own hands the office of the common hangman? That such a man, called upon to lay down the office of governor of the greatest state of the union in order to take by grace of her people the presidency of the nation, should not have left in the archives of the commonwealth a world of gratitude for their confidence, a hint of apology for his own shortcomings, a seemly protest of his own demerits, or at least some token of appreciation of a favor unparalleled in the world's history, is a fact so discreditable to humanity that my pen refuses to dwell upon it. I have sought to trace your character for the information of your expectant countrymen, as it really is, setting down naught in malice though extenuating naught, but not even in the closest analysis and darkest limning of your nature had I ever dreamed of making so black and mean a picture as your own hand has painted in that one line of contemptuous renunciation of an undeserved honor in order to prepare yourself to accept one still greater and more unmerited at the hands of the same blindly trustful donors. I turn with

a sickened heart, and rising gorge away from the disgusting spectacle to the contemplation of another element of that luck which you might well term destiny did it not lack thus far the one essential ingredient of the broader term's significance.

A still more notable characteristic of the democratic party than either its immutability or its capacity for forgetting all things that do not redound to its credit, which have already been considered, is the magnificent power which it has displayed of concentrating all its strength upon the embarrassment and overthrow of its opponents. Its opposition has not been spasmodic and intermittent, but uniform and unremitting. It is not only always ready for action, but is always actually engaged. No amount of defeat discourages, nor does the most unexpected victory so far demoralize as to induce it to remit, for an instant, the prime duty of disparaging, demoralizing, and ultimately extirpating its enemy. As a party of opposition, it has been matchless in the world's history. For twenty-four years it has maintained a constant state of siege. Even in its weakest moments it has carried on an offensive-defensive campaign of the most actively aggressive character. Driven from one line of works, it has not lost an hour in developing another. Never once has it been betrayed into the partisan absurdity of willingly contributing to its opponent's success. Standing in the opposition, it has left to the dominant party the entire responsibility of devising, passing, and enforcing all measures which they proposed. It has offered nothing, suggested nothing, supported nothing which its oppo-

nents could make use of with credit to themselves or advantage to the country. If individual members of the party saw fit to declare themselves in favor of the principles underlying specific measures, they found abundant opportunity for excusing their opposition in the details. It has never for an instant forgotten that public opinion is not the outgrowth of a single political campaign. Its leaders have always been awake to the fact that the day after an election is the best possible seed-time for the next ensuing conflict of ideas.

During its long, and all things considered, amazingly brilliant career as a party of opposition, the democracy has never once allowed itself to be diverted from its natural and legitimate work of assault upon its more fortunate opponent by any feeling of squeamishness or favor. Whatever it believed would weaken its enemy, that it did. It was never deterred by any fear of doing injustice or producing disaster. Charged by a minority with the duty of weakening and embarrassing the administration, its senators and representatives, its journals and orators, and even its rank and file have been "instant in season and out of season" in the performance of this task, which they regarded quite as much and quite as justly a "public trust" as you believe yourself to have discovered a public office to be. To secure this result they have well understood that the first great step was to undermine public confidence in the principles, policy and personnel of their opponents. It has been their policy, which has at last proved a winning one, to nourish at all times, in all minds that were accessible to such influences, the idea

that no good thing could come out of the Nazareth which stood over against the camp of democracy. Only the most unfavorable and depreciatory views of the men and measures of the republican party were ever formulated or disseminated by them. They did not fight to-day and land to-morrow. They did not stultify themselves by interlarding obloquy with approval. They never admitted that the meanest democrat was not infinitely better, more patriotic and worthy of preference by the country than the best republican. Their opposition was not sentimental or puerile. Charged with the duty of opposing, they opposed. If any measure of the dominant party had a defective or unpopular aspect they attacked it, no matter what merit it possessed. If there was a salient point in the armor of any republican official, upon that point their guns were trained. If a measure was without objectionable feature, or a public character above reproach, it received at their hands the honor of an oblivion as impenetrable as they gave to their own errors, or a praise so faint that its damnatory purpose was evident to the most obtuse.

In its whole career this party has hardly once committed the absurdity of bestowing commendation upon an opponent except in cases where the hope of profiting by factional discord has made a temporary departure from its settled policy of detraction and depreciation apparently advisable. Even these exceptions its leading minds have never approved, and the ultimate results have usually justified the wisdom of their views. They have wisely abandoned the defensive policy and di-

rected all their energies to the attack. In front and flank they have poured an unremitting fire upon their opponents, while out of traitors and deserters they have organized partisan corps for whose movements they were not responsible, but whose attacks upon the rear of the party in power could not fail to redound to their advantage. They reversed the rule of courtesy, and were silent in regard to those of their opponents of whom something evil could not safely be spoken. Believing, or professing to believe, that republican ascendency was inimical to the best interests of the country, they did not stultify themselves by vaunting the ability, exalting the virtues, or treating with tender charity the possible purposes of its leading men. Knowing the value of iteration as an element of public opinion, they permitted no opportunity to escape of presenting their opponents in an unseemly, ridiculous, or repulsive aspect. In short, the democracy has made war upon the republican party from the very hour of Lincoln's election until the day of Blaine's defeat, with the settled, unremitting purpose of accomplishing its overthrow, and as the first and most important element of success in that undertaking it has scrupulously avoided contributing to the strength of its adversary or perpetuating for an instant the power of the dominant party by any commendation of its men or measures except for the incidental purpose of fomenting discord in its own ranks.

This policy has not only been fully justified by results, but is entirely consistent with patriotic principle. In the conflict of parties in a free government there

always have been, and no doubt will be, as long as you will have any interest in the matter, two great lines of thought which are essentially and irreconcilably distinct and hostile to each other. These mutually destructive ideas are represented by great opposing parties. These constitute the grand divisions of political thought which, however strongly united by isthmian ties, are no more susceptible of unification than opposing continents. Now and then there come periods of political stagnation, when the lines of demarcation between them may seem to become indistinct. Such periods are either deceptive calms, generant of destructive storms, or merely periods of political incubation which precede the formulation of new issues and the organization of new forces for their dissemination and establishment. In all such conflicts the man who honestly believes the one line of policy to be a true and correct one of necessity believes its antipode to be unwise, unpatriotic and perhaps dangerous. In such case it becomes just as much a patriotic duty to weaken the hold of the policy which he distrusts upon the public mind as to instill his own principles upon the rising generation. No doubt very many of the democratic party, perhaps a majority of its members, actually believed during all the time it was in the minority that the principles of the republican party were inconsistent with the future peace and prosperity of the country, and so felt that it would not only be unwise but unpatriotic to extol the wisdom, integrity, or patriotism of its leaders, or admit the possible good effects of legislation inspired by it. Because of this they have

uniformly credited their adversaries with all conceivable ills that might supervene their action, and, at least by implication, have sought unremittingly to foster the idea that wisdom, patriotism, and the guaranties of prosperity were in the sole keeping of the democratic party. If time compelled the acknowledgment that this monopoly was not exclusive, but that some of its opponent's acts were good and wise, it was always made in the fewest possible words, in the smallest kind of type, and in the most unnoticed corner, while the mistakes and wrong-doings of their opponents were paraded in full-faced characters with displayed headings, where he who ran might read.

No weak and fallacious twaddle about "judicial fairness" troubled the consciences of this great party. That the democracy was in the right was indubitable, aphoristic truth to every member of the party, from the highest to the lowest. That the republican party was wrong was to them a conclusion equally irrefutable, and logically resulting therefrom. To promote the supremacy of one and the overthrow of the other was, therefore, a patriotic duty. The offer of excuse or defense, or the suggestion of possibly favorable or extenuating hypotheses, they regarded as the province of the party in power and not in any degree incumbent on the party in opposition. In other words, the democratic party as a party of opposition has acted on the principle that its prime duty was to overthrow republican ascendency by rendering the course of that party obnoxious to the brain and conscience of the land, and not to so modify, excuse and justify such action as

to incline the country to a farther toleration of its authority.

As a result of this line of action it has not merely overthrown the policy of the republican party, but has induced the country to tolerate and approve the absolute abandonment and subversion of those principles which the instinct of safety as well as the impulse of justice had impelled the nation to engraft on our fundamental law, by which, in one third of the states of the Union, the will of the majority is silenced and that of a bold and unscrupulous minority set up in its stead. A result so astounding and incomprehensible justifies any words of admiration that may be uttered of the methods by which it has been achieved. Whether instinct or philosophy guided the democratic party in its career in opposition, certain it is that no policy was ever so well approved by its results and no man ever before came to the nominal leadership of a party so long and so thoroughly trained to an unquestioning support of its own men and measures and unmitigated hostility to its opponents.

Coming freshly into power, with so long a training in the tactics of opposition, it is evident that the same idea must continue to prevail and that your party will occupy itself for a considerable time in efforts to stamp out and destroy its already beaten, demoralized, and self-abased opponent. The two parties can not at once change their legislative and forensic characteristics. During perhaps the better part of your administration the republican party in congress will continue as they have been for a quarter of a century the habitual pro-

ponents of new measures; while the democratic party will continue to oppose all that they find themselves unable to appropriate with a fair chance of making the country believe them the originators. During the same period the residuum of republican rule will be the favorite prospecting ground for democratic party capital. It will occupy itself chiefly in "gulch mining" in the alluvium left by the stream of republican power in order to discover whatever there may be which ought *not* to have been done and yet *was* done under republican rule.

This state of affairs will be peculiarly favorable to one of your mental and moral characteristics, as it will make it comparatively easy for you to remain neutral upon all important issues of the present and utterly indifferent upon all matters affecting the future. The marvelous capacity for non-achievement which you have desplayed in the past, now upon a broader field may serve you in good stead and perhaps result in confirming in the minds of others a conviction which no marvel of good fortune could strengthen in your own mind, that you are indeed a man of destiny to whose career the rules that govern ordinary humanity were never designed to apply. Certain it is, that no man ever entered upon the discharge of the duties of the chief executive with so many apparently fortuitous influences making in his favor, and should you fail not merely to conclude your term without widespread disaster attributable to your incapacity, but should you even fail to lay the foundation for a well-assured and long-continued lease of power by the party whose first

success you represent, you will live in history, not as a man of destiny whom favoring fortune wafted to phenomenal success, but as one whom no amount of good luck could stimulate to such self-forgetful, reasonable exertion and ordinary self-sacrifice as may be necessary to take advantage of an unparalleled opportunity. Yet every day renders it more and more probable that such will be the result.

It is not likely that you will be able to deprive the democratic party of the ascendancy it has won under your accidental candidacy, but without a hint of leadership on your part. This ascendancy is the result of a quarter of a century of thoroughly organized and skillfully directed effort, which even the failure of its first beneficiary is not likely to overthrow. It is becoming evident to all that, while the democratic party will remain in power after the close of your adminstration, you will retire to merited oblivion with the hatred and contempt of your party associates and the jeers and ridicule of their opponents. Day by day the impression grows deeper and stronger with both your political friends and foes that no sort of luck can bring ultimate success to one so devoid of the better elements of manhood as you are showing yourself to be, and who is at the same time so utterly oblivious of the moral and intellectual emasculation which a past so overburdened with self-absorbed indifference has wrought. Already, before your administration has begun, your party is looking to the future and counting the days that shall elapse before your successor is inaugurated. Already they have taken instinctively the measure of your

incapacity, and look not to your skill or statesmanship to aid them in future struggles, but to the wisdom and strength of approved leaders and the inherent weakness of their demoralized opponents. The triumphal progress of Mr. Randall through the south, which was gall and wormwood to your envious apprehension; the fact that the leaders of your party, after vain attempts to secure your confidence, meeting only suspicion, rebuffs, impudent assertion and arrogant coldness, have ceased to concern themselves about your plans and purposes; and the still further fact that you have already begun to manifest an inclination to reward those followers who were more anxious to screen your moral obliquities than to advance the interests of the party or promote your success upon public grounds—all these facts are significant of a determination on the part of your party friends neither to submit to your personal dictation nor permit your selfish incapacity to ruin their future prospects. In view of these things it seems altogether probable that your mission in history will be one for which you are superlatively well fitted—to demonstrate beyond question that manhood and power are absolutely necessary to transform "luck" into "destiny."

Yours respectfully,

NEW YORK, January 22, 1885. SIVA.

No. VIII.

"DIMINIMIS NON CURAT LEX."

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—In these letters I have said little about myself. I understand that it is of you and not of me that the American people desire to learn. I am nothing—one of the many—a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. Beyond the limits of a happy home, outside of a little circle of devoted friends, I am almost as unknown as you were before the democratic party in its dire extremity exhumed you from a questionable obscurity to place you in the van of their conglomerate hosts. I am only an atom of the national life. You are one chosen out of millions as a type of the whole.

The underlying principle of republican government is that the best and bravest, the strongest and purest, are chosen for the most exalted and responsible stations. Because of this, the world looks upon the president of the United States as the embodiment of those peculiar attributes which the American people especially delight to honor. By virtue of your election, therefore, you have become, for the time being, the recognized exponent of American manhood, patriotism and virtue. It is only because of this accidental eminence that you have become worthy of "one moment of the busy world's attention." Whether you are a true and veri-

table type or but a counterfeit presentment is a question of prime importance to every one who feels a thrill of pardonable pride in the name American.

It has been intimated that in truthfully portraying the mental and moral lineaments of the president-elect I am transcending the privilege of the citizen and ignoring the primal duty of the patriot, and bringing odium upon our national institutions. We are told that as the president of the United States you are of right entitled to demand the respect and confidence of the people, and that our national honor requires that the presidential toga should hide from all eyes the personal infirmities of the wearer. This is a new form of an ancient dogma. Under the pretense of shielding the national honor the vices of kings and their counselors have been hidden from public gaze. Fortunately for the honor of American manhood, our Anglo-Saxon theory of government has long since distinctly separated the office from the individual and unmistakably marked the difference between the person of the sovereign and the sanctity of the throne. Under our system, however, even this distinction of our inherited common law is unnecessary. The presidency is merely an accident of the citizen's life. It attaches to yours to-day, and may pertain to mine to-morrow. It can add nothing to his merits, and he can detract nothing from its dignity. Officially he is not a ruler, but only the recognized representative of the nation's power. Individually he is presumed to represent the best elements of the nation's life. In his official capacity he is entitled to obedience and respect within the limits of his con-

stitutional authority. There the duty of the patriot ends, and the right of the citizen begins.

For myself, I yield to none in honor for the dignity of that high office. Whatever in my life is worthy of remembrance is inseparably linked with the struggle to preserve the nationality which it represents. I gave to that cause a widow's mite—all that I had or hoped to be. It was not much. I take no credit to myself because of it. I only claim to have offered it gladly and thereby to have attested beyond the power of any man that lives or shall live to controvert the sincerity of my devotion to the nation's honor and the glory of that people whose official head is the president. I have for her flag that jealous love which only he can know who has watched its stars amid the roar of battle and seen its stripes soiled with the shame of defeat as well as blazoned with the glare of victory. I never pass beneath its shadow without respectful salutation to the power it symbolizes. There is little in my life of which any man would feel inclined to boast; but in love for our common country, pride in her fair name, and sincere desire for her prosperity, welfare and glory the proudest of her sons cannot outdo me. If I know anything of myself I can truthfully say that rather than smirch with a single word the dignity of that high office you are soon to fill, I would cheerfully sacrifice the hand that pens these words. As the representative of national authority, none will more readily obey your behest, or show themselves quicker to resent affront to your official dignity. Old as I am, and enfeebled by wounds and the nameless hardships falling

to the lot of those who tasted the hospitality of the foe, I would not seek a substitute to stand for me between your life and an enemy's assault.

With such humble reverence for the position you are about to assume, such loyal devotion to the nationality you represent, I conceive that the duty of the citizen is complete. The personality of him who bears the presidential title remains unchanged, and the patriot may bow in ready acknowledgement of official dignity, yet still regard with supreme contempt the person of the agent, and properly proclaim that

> "The hand of Douglas is his own,
> And never shall, in friendly grasp,
> The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Nay, more, sir; the very eminence of the position not only invites animadversion, but demands at the hands of every patriot the most unrelenting scrutiny of the life and character of its occupant. The subject may perhaps excuse himself for silence with regard to the foibles of the king, but the citizen who fails to protest when the patriotism, manhood, and purity of the country are burlesqued rather than represented in the person of her chief executive, becomes a party to his own debasement. It is not the duty of a patriot to sit quietly by and see that position which is recognized throughout the civilized world as typical of American life occupied by one about whom it fits so loosely that his dearest friends can only beg that the glory of his exalted position shall serve as a screen from popular contempt. Though he be the least and least worthy among all the fifty millions of her sons, it is not only

the inalienable right, but the imperative duty of every one who feels the character and personality of the chief magistrate to be not merely a counterfeit presentment of American manhood, but an affront to the intelligence, patriotic devotion, and moral instincts of the American people, to enter his protest against such spurious types. I speak not for myself alone, but for all those, our fellow-citizens, of whom you stand before the world as the accepted and approved representative. As a brave people we have a right to show our resentment when one who shirked a soldier's duty is put forth as the exemplar of American courage. A people whose patriotism has shown itself to be unsurpassed in the world's history would be unworthy of such commendation if they did not manifest a righteous indignation at being typified to the world by one who never lisped a patriotic aspiration until, when forty years old or upward, the lust of office forced from his unaccustomed lips some strangely distorted civic aphorisms. The man who believes and glories in the virtue and purity of the American people has not only a right, but it is his bounden duty, to point out to the world the canker-spots of that life which is falsely proclaimed the noblest and sweetest product of your nationality and the veritable exponent of our free institutions.

There are those among our political opponents, as well as your own party friends, who strenuously insist that pity for your irresponsibility and the magnitude and difficulty of the task before you should induce the American people to cast the mantle of charity over

your infirmities, and look forward to your administration with a roseate hope that out of evil may spring an abundant harvest of good. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Having planted thorns and sowed the seeds of thistles, shall we expect a harvest of wholesome fruits?

One of your most earnest supporters recently said in an appeal, evidently wrung from his lips by pity for your weakness:

"It is not his fault that he was elected president of the United States."

Unfortunately this is true. It was not your fault—only your luck and the country's misfortune. As the president-elect you are only a consequence of pre-existent facts. You are entitled to no more credit and should receive no more blame for this result than an egg for the color of the chick that bursts from its shell. You performed no act, exerted no influences, constituted no element of the power by which your exaltation was achieved. The maelstorm of political passion, greed, and hate thrust you into prominence as the representative of an idea, an aspiration, a party's hope—success. Beyond that one idea you represent nothing, and counted for nothing in the conflict of parties. It is because you are the creature of an unholy alliance that American manhood is libeled in the fact of your preferment.

It is not any want of respect for the position you are to occupy, nor any lack of patriotic desire that its duties should be faithfully and honorably discharged, nor—as some of your oleaginous confidants have

averred—from any personal ill-will that has led me to indite these letters, or to attempt the vivisection of your mental and moral nature. I understand full well that even you can do little to debase the position you are about to assume. I believe you can work no serious harm to the body politic either by sins of omission or commission. Whether your occupancy of the presidential chair shall act upon the public mind as a stimulus to patriotic devotion or an emetic which shall cause the nation to spew out evil, is, in the ultimate, a matter of very little consequence. Whether the people shall continue to select the recognized exponents of American life from the baser and meaner of its constituent types or not, is a vastly more important question.

If you are a true type of American life, it is high time that we had a new ideal. If the ultimate outcome of free institutions in America is to be the elevation of such as you to the highest offices in the people's gift—if neither eloquence nor statesmanship, intellectual eminence nor patriotic devotion, public service nor private virtue, are necessary to secure the suffrages of a free people, then indeed is it time we should be lashed with a scorpion whip to apprehend the depth of our degeneracy. To awaken in the hearts of the American people a sense of shame for seeming to have proclaimed you the standard of mental power and moral worth in the republic, there seemed to be no way, except to show them unmistakably the real character and actual dimensions of the man they had heedlessly exalted to the highest place and indorsed as a genuine sample of the nation's best.

It may seem harsh. You deem it malign. Your most trusted henchman has denominated it "treacherous and mean," that I should truthfully portray your mental and moral lineaments. Some who are not your political friends insist that my letters fall within the constitutional inhibition of cruel and unusual punishments. One who writes to stay my hand declares "that the American people are already ashamed" of having chosen you to be the president of the republic, and asks me to pity your weakness and helplessness.

> "Pity thee! So I do.
> I pity the dumb victim at the altar,
> But does the robed priest for his pity falter?"

I pity you as I do the snarling scavenger of the desert sands, because he is not fitted for nobler things. I pity you standing before the world as the exemplar of the American people, as I would pity a Lilliputian leper put forward as a representative and type of the unlettered giants of Brobdingnag. I pity you as an inert instrument of an unholy combination of evil purposes—the victim of a party's greed for power and of a faction's blood-stained strength. I pity you as one that worships the American name and glories in the majesty of a free people must pity one who can look upon the past that surrounded your young manhood and feel that it contains no evidence of patriotic impulse or self-forgetful ardor. I pity you, sir, but I pity a thousand times more the American people whose patriotic devotion, intellectual acumen and moral worth must for a time be measured by the world upon a

scale on which your life marks the highest attainable excellence.

I am not surprised that even your own partisans are ashamed of their act in choosing you to be the chief magistrate of the republic. How could it be otherwise when they come to take the measure of your manhood and think of those over whose heads you were exalted to power? How could it be otherwise when, unless your personal interests were at stake, you were as indifferent to the success of your party as you were unmoved by the nation's peril in the hour of her mortal agony? Can you wonder that the tough old copperheads who plotted with Vallandigham, the stout-hearted confederates who fought with Lee, or even the mercenary patriots who "leaped the bounty," should look with scorn upon the able-bodied young Sybarite who had neither patriotism enough to fight, nor courage enough to protest; who offered to the country a convicted felon as a substitute and equivalent of himself upon the battlefield; who was alike unmoved by victory or defeat, and who coolly regulated his illicit pleasures with a strict regard to cost? Why should not the very thief who performed the services you should have discharged, who faced the dangers which you shirked, who suffered the pains you should have endured—why should he not be ashamed when he sees you who skulked in his shadow when the glare of battle shone upon him, set before the world as an exemplar even of his poor, shattered manhood?

It is now too late to amend the record. Luck cannot obliterate the testimony you have engrossed there-

in against yourself. No amount of good fortune can make one so lacking in the essential elements of manhood a fair type of American life. The past has put the mint-mark of actual value upon your being, which no future can erase and no exalted station hide from a world that nails the counterfeit with unerring certainty. "Luck," as you are beginning to learn, is not all sweetness, and destiny means something more than unearned preferment. When the country summoned you to the soldier's post of honor and peril, you procured a substitute. In the conflict where fame is won and shame avoided there is no substitution. There every man must answer to his own name and be graded on his merits. You have one marvelously glorious chance for immortality. Whether you will perceive your opportunity and convert your "luck" into destiny is a question that a few more days will answer.

Yours respectfully,

NEW YORK, January 29, 1885. SIVA.

No. IX.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—It is time for the historian of the republican party to begin his work. For one-fourth of a century, less one year, it has controlled the course and character of the government. It was the outgrowth of the mightiest intellectual struggle that ever colored the life of a free people. Its six presidential quadrenniates embrace the most important events in the life of the republic, and constitute an era in the history of popular government infinitely more important than any precedent century.

The epoch of the American revolution had for its motive, the establishment of a people's collective right to self-government. It is true that the declaration of independence contained a broader statement of individual rights than had ever before found place in the official utterances of any sovereign power. That averment, however, was argumentative in its character, and was not really put in issue in the struggle between the mother country and the colonies. The questions decided by that struggle did not pertain to the rights of man as an individual, nor in any material degree affect them. This conflict determined simply the rights of the American colonies, as organized communities, to self-government as against the claim of Great Britain

to their ultimate control. This was the first epoch of our national history.

The next fifty years were occupied mainly in developing, defining, and establishing the limits of this newly created national organism, to the determination of its relations to foreign nations, the constituent republics, and the aboriginal inhabitants of our territory. For a third of a century our foreign entanglements were almost continuous, and more than once seriously threatened our national existence. Even before our national power had become securely established, the conflict between state and federal authority had more than once threatened the national peace, having resulted in organized armed resistance to federal power not less than three times during the first half century. This was the era of solidification.

Long before the conclusion of this epoch the question of individual right in its relations to the national government began to obtrude itself and complicate the previously considered question of the relations between the general government and the individual states. In the conflict between the original republican party and its successor, the democratic party, on the one side, and their opponent, the federal party, and its successor, the whigs, upon the other, the former had stood for the rights of the states as independent, sovereign powers and against the general government as a consociation of individuals rather than a confederation of constituent communities. The latter had maintained the supremacy of the national organism over that of the subordinate commonwealths, basing their construction

upon the initial declaration of the constitution, "We, the people of the United States."

When the question of individual rights came at length to overleap the boundaries of the states and in various forms to enter the arena of national politics, the democratic party, having already espoused the cause of the state as against the general government, very naturally, if not exactly logically, extended its championship of state rights as against the individual. The whig party, on the other hand, having contemplated no such issue, and regarding the conflict between the integral and confederated ideas as a theoretical rather than a substantial difference, and having been, from the first, accused by their opponents of a desire to annihilate the states as independent existences and centralize the entire government, they no sooner saw the effort made to extend their principles to the affirmation of individual right as against the dictum of the separate states than they at once began to recede from the position which they had held, and to aver that although the sovereign power of the United States rested ultimately in the people inhabiting the several states and not in the state organizations themselves, yet the general government had no right or authority to define, establish or protect the rights of its individual components as against the power of the several states themselves or the individual or collective action of the citizens thereof.

While thus the democratic party continued in existence with a certain consistent basis of fundamental ideas, the whig party perished by a process of natural

and irresistible disintegration. While it remained the opponent of the democratic idea and asserted the supremacy of the general government over the individual states, it counted very naturally among its supporters many thousands of those who had already gone beyond its self-imposed limitations. They had instinctively anticipated the time, which afterward became so clearly inevitable, when the idea of national supremacy should override the limits of state authority, not merely for the preservation of national power, but for the assertion and maintenance of the universality of that great truth which had from the first underlain our national life, the equality of human right. The distinction between "We the people" as the component elements of national power and "We the people" as petitioners for and recipients of national protection, though it may possibly be clear enough to minds accustomed to political casuistry, was too dim and slight to retain its hold upon the minds of the people. The republican party came into existence as the representative of this new phase of popular thought, the equal rights of individuals, so far as the dominion and control of the general government extended. It did not profess to advocate interference with slavery in the states in which it already existed, but it openly declared its purpose to prevent the extension of that institution to the unorganized territory of the United States, to eradicate it from the District of Columbia, to drive it from all forts and arsenals directly under the control of the United States by cession from the various states, and to prevent the use of

national power to override the authority of the several free states in order to assert the rights of the southern states against individuals who had evaded their power and escaped beyond their jurisdiction.

These doctrines marked the beginning of the third epoch of the national life. The period of transition—the state of chaos out of which it eventually arose—may be said to have extended through three presidential quadrenniates. The idea first showed itself as a potential factor in national politics in the election of 1848, and assumed definite and permanent shape in the organization and establishment of the republican party in the campaign of 1856. From the very first hour of its existence the central idea of this party has been the assertion of equal right and privilege as the common inheritance of man without distinction of race or color, because of the fact of national citizenship. The steps in this struggle by which this purpose was achieved need not be recounted. I only refer to these fundamental characteristics because some of the details of its history were of such striking and marvelous character that the mind is not apt to be led away from the consideration of the underlying cause to the contemplation of startling and overwhelming results.

The conflict which was precipitated by the accession of the republican party to power was perhaps the most unlooked-for and amazing in its character, concomitants, and consequences that the world has ever known. It was the first test upon any considerable scale of the capacity of free government for self-preservation and its adaptability to new and startling

phases of development. Perhaps no nation was ever less fitted for the conflict of arms than what was left of the American Union after the "solid south" of 1861 had assumed a belligerent attitude. Not only was there an almost entire absence of military and naval armaments, but their habits of life and peculiarities of intellect and temper seemed to have thoroughly unfitted the people of the north for an undertaking such as that which confronted them. Perhaps never in the previous history of the world had a rebellion of like extent and with similar organic advantages been suppressed under any form of government. That a republic should show itself capable, not merely of repressing internal discord, but of undertaking and accomplishing such a task, is of itself glory enough to have immortalized the administration of any party, and thoroughly to justify the declaration that the epoch of its power is the most remarkable in the history of the country.

The overthrow of the rebellion, although the most notable feat of arms, all things considered, that the century has witnessed, and although it must be regarded through all time as the climacteric test of a republic to protect itself even against the most overwhelming odds, is hardly worthy of consideration in comparison with some of the attendant circumstances and resulting consequences of this struggle. When the conflict began the general government had an empty treasury, a skeleton army, and a dismantled navy. As if by magic its treasury was filled to overflowing. Soldiers sprang out of the soil as if the land

had been thickly sown with dragon's teeth. New and wonderful armaments were fashioned betwixt the going down of the sun and the rising thereof. Forge and furnace yielded day by day new marvels of destructive art. An army outnumbering the foe at all points thronged the borders of the rebellious territory, threatening every vital point. An improvised navy swarmed along the hostile shores, prohibiting ingress and egress. This power of creating an effective army almost upon the instant, of beating plowshares and pruning-hooks into swords, of converting peaceful flotilla into effective vessels of war, of defying the world's distrust by unparalleled manifestations of public confidence—these facts were in themselves sufficient to unsettle the monarchical theories of the past and teach the nations of the earth that the American Republic does not rely for self-preservation upon any adventitious surroundings. For the first time we stood before the world, at the conclusion of that struggle, as a people thoroughly capable, not merely of defending ourselves but of punishing any enemy that might presume to awaken our displeasure. It was not so much a desire for peace and amity or any sudden sentimental conviction of the justice and propriety of adjudication by an international tribunal that made England willing to submit the questions that had arisen between herself and the United States to arbitration at Geneva. Whatever may be said of our kinsman across the sea, one thing is certain, that John Bull had never before, and would not then have submitted to a demand made against him to arbitration, unless confident that it would be overbalanced

and swallowed up by a counterclaim, if it had not been for a profound conviction on the part of the English people that a conflict with the United States would in all probability result in the loss of their American colonies and the permanent humiliation of the power of Great Britain. The fact is that England negotiated simply because she dared not fight. To the surprise of all the world, it was found that hardly had Lee surrendered at Appomattox before the soldiers of both armies were panting for a conflict with some foreign foe. Out of her crucial struggle the American nation had come a thousand times stronger in the power of offense and defense than it had ever been before in the eyes of the world.

Even this amazing result, however, was hardly so surprising as the fact that during the whole period of this conflict public and private enterprises multipled with unparalleled rapidity. All forms of industry showed an amazingly enhanced production. While the government was carrying on the war at the expenditure of $20,000,000 a week, the business of the country was increasing and expanding at a rate enabling it to meet this increased expenditure without any perceptible enhancement of the burden of taxation. The most gigantic railroad enterprise that the world had ever known went steadily on during the months of strife. The great northwest gave one-third of its best and bravest to the conflict of arms, but those who remained were so inspired by the marvelous spirit of the times that no industry flagged, no great undertaking was left unperformed, no scheme of development that had

before seemed possible was left unfulfilled, and many which the wildest dreamers of the past would have pronounced chimerical, became accomplished facts under the impetus of an inspiration that thrilled the hearts of the whole people and made every man and woman count almost a score in the nation's power of achievement. I do not expect you to realize the magnitude of this fact. One who lived through this marvelous period without feeling so much as an extra heart throb, because of the great events that were occuring before and about him, cannot be expected to appreciate their results. They were nothing to you because they did not affect the sluggish current of your life; but they were much to the world, because the world's life will be flexed and shaped for centuries by their influences.

Even more amazing than these physical marvels perhaps was the fact that, when the war ended, there came no serious tumult, and no sudden and disastrous financial shock. The hosts of war melted away and were lost to sight amid peaceful millions. The nation which had poured forth treasure like water for the maintenance of its power, shrank not from the harder task of liquidating, in time of peace, the obligations which a patriotic enthusiasm had lightly incurred. The productive capacity of the country has more than kept pace with the demands upon its treasury, so that now, only a score of years after the close of the struggle, perhaps an actual moiety of the debt thus contracted has been discharged, while in the meantime the expenditures of the government for internal improvements, for

increasing the facilities for commercial intercourse, and for still further development of our western territories, for increased effectiveness of its civil service, for public buildings and public works, has been multiplied a hundred-fold. Yet so wise, successful, and unmatched in history has been the administration of our affairs, so marvelous is the elastic recuperative power of a free people, that, with all this increase of burdens and multiplication of expenditures, the treasury groans beneath the weight of a surplus garnered in advance of necessity and awaiting the maturity of its obligations, such as was never equaled in the financial history of the world. Without hardship, almost without murmurings, these wonderful things have been achieved by a nation whose bare existence the world counted but an accident, and at whose capacity for preserving even the integrity of its own territory, the whole world incredulously jeered on that dark day when the party whose overthrow has resulted in your exaltation, distrusting themselves, but relying upon the right, and manfully determined to do all that lay within the power of man to do, under the guidance of that noblest of immortals, Abraham Lincoln, set out to perform the tasks devolving upon them, as he reverently said, "as God gives us to know the right."

All of these marvels were as naught, however, in comparison with one sublime achievement which crowned and overtopped them all. Words cannot paint its wondrous character. Imagination is powerless to depict its consequences. A people outnumbering our whole nation in the hour of its birth were

transformed from slaves into free men, lifted from nothingness to power, taken from the realm of hopeless chattelism and set before the golden gate of boundless opportunity. This miracle is made all the more marvelous by the fact that these four millions of bondmen thus in an instant clothed with the privileges and powers of the freeman, were of another distinct and therefore despised race. It was not the mere fact of the loosening of the slave's fetters, wonderful as that was, that made American emancipation the most marvelous political event recorded in the world's history. It was the exhibition of undoubted and unquestioning confidence in the underlying principles upon which our republic is based—the acceptance as an indubitable truth of the unimpeachable verity of the nation's initial declaration that "all men are created equal," and the unshrinking assertion that inalienable right was not limited or modified by the fact of race, color, or even the accident of a previous condition of servitude. Monarchs have freed their serfs; nobles have espoused the cause of the people; peasants have been made the peers of the proudest in other lands and at other times. Runnymede was made immortal by the barons, who, in order to weaken a tyrant's power and intrench themselves securely in their own privileges, compelled him to agree to hold inviolable the fundamental rights of Englishmen. Our fathers won imperishable renown by declaring that all men were entitled to the rights which they claimed themselves, although with the first breath of national life they weakly and inconsistently denied that the rights they had so vauntingly asserted

for "all men" were any part of the inheritance of the slave or in any degree attached to any race or people, saving and except that branch of the human family known as the Caucasian. It was reserved for the American people, under the guidance of the republican party, for the first time in the world's history to welcome to the plane of personal privilege and political power which they themselves occupied, the millions of a despised, outcast, and down-trodden people—to exemplify their unwavering confidence and ineradicable belief in the truth of that glorious doctrine which the fathers had proclaimed but dared not put in practice.

This, in brief, is the record of the republican party, the dominating and inspiring force of the climacteric epoch of American history, and of the world's development. It is ended. Like its great leader it has perished at the zenith of its fame. We, who stood beside its cradle, watch now beside its bier—not looking for its resurrection, but exulting in its glory. I am not one of those who believe that it will be raised in pristine beauty to-morrow. I have studied too carefully the elements of that party which has at length achieved success to believe that it will be soon or easily deposed from the seats of national power. I have noted too accurately the constituent elements of the republican party to believe that it will ever again control the government until a crisis shall arise as terrible as that which called it into being and summon its spirit again to save the republic from destruction.

Over the downfall of this great party you weakly and foolishly exult. To you its history means noth-

ing. To you it was merely a factor in the game of politics. It represented nothing to your mind beyond the mere success of its candidates. You gleefully declare that you have "dug the grave of the republican party." Be not deceived, my dear sir, the tomb by which you stand is but a cenotaph. The life you fondly imagine it enshrines is set eternally amid the stars. You indeed stand beside a tomb — you and that malignant foe of everything that made for the nation's glory, which the republican party held sacred above all things, your fit though manlier associate — one at the head, the other at the foot — dull stones that mark the close of the most glorious epoch in history. It is ended. Its marvelous story is complete. You are but the period that marks its conclusion.

Yours respectfully,

NEW YORK, February 4, 1885. SIVA.

No. X.

"WHAT HAMMERS WRUNG, WHAT ANVILS BEAT!"

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—It is a strange fact that the excellencies of the republican party and the short-comings of the democracy have alike contributed to that luck which you are delighted to call destiny. It is not merely a case in which "extremes meet," but one in which the most positive and conflicting elements of our national life have not only joined hands to promote the fortunes of its most neutral exponent, but seem destined to continue their co-operation to the point of making a life of self-absorbed inertness, the phenomenal success of an age more fertile in self-sacrifice and richer in grand achievements than any the world has heretofore known.

This would seem to be the very acme of paradox, but it is really no more startling than the undeniable fact that the excellence of the republican party is a chief source of its weakness; that the good it has achieved handicaps it for the future, and that the very worst features of the unscrupulous party whose servant and creature you are constitute its surest guaranty of continued power. The fact is undeniable that during the past twenty-four years the republican party has been the source and instrument of all good and valorous

achievement. So, too, it cannot be denied that the dangerous, malignant, and retrogressive forces of the country, during that time, have been more or less compactly arrayed in opposition to it, and are now with surprising unanimity embraced within the democratic party. While a considerable minority of those who fought for the overthrow of the rebellion are to be found in the ranks of the democracy, it is a singular fact that hardly an appreciable fraction of those who voluntarily supported the confederacy are to be found among the republicans. Probably not a hundredth part of one per cent of the ex-confederates have ever been anything but the most inveterate opponents of the republican party—its purposes and principles—whether on the field of battle or at the ballot-box.

As the republican party has justly been extolled by the lovers of liberty as the representative and embodiment of those ideas which overwhelmed rebellion and annihilated slavery, so, too, it has been hated with unceasing bitterness by the friends of slavery and the supporters of rebellion because it destroyed the one and overthrew the other. Wherever slavery left its almost ineradicable stamp upon the mental and moral life of the people, there we find all its ancient forces still the virulent opponents of the party which represented its essentially antagonistic principle. The same is true of the great mass of the illiterate, foreign-born, poor and vicious populations of our great northern cities. Almost without possibility of mistake, a stranger in any one of them could designate by inspection of the locality the strong democratic wards and pre-

cincts. The republican party no doubt has some of all these classes within its ranks, and of late seems to have been making strenuous efforts to increase their numbers. Despite this fact, there is no denying the conclusion that of the chronic, debauched, and unaspiring poor; of the habitually vicious and depraved; of the illiterate and ignorant; of inebriates and profligates in all the great cities of the north, a vast majority belong to the democratic party and constitute its most reliable element. All this is nothing new in our history. Slavery always allied itself with ignorance and vice. The slums of New York were by natural selection and moral affinity the voluntary guardians and protectors of the barracoons of New Orleans. The only thing that is at all surprising about the matter is that the time has come again in our history when one party is weak *because* its record is instinct with the struggle for liberty; and another is strong *because* in all its history there is not a single page devoted to the promotion of the horizon of individual right nor a single word condemnatory of human chattelism or its logical result—the great rebellion.

The constitution and character of the republican party have been as anomalous as its career. In its very inception it was a rebellion, not only against all other political creeds, but also against all accepted political methods.

It was the most amazing piece of political conglomerate which the history of parties reveals. It had at first no politicians in it. Its differential idea had been gathering strength in the popular mind for a score of

years. Neither party would give it lodgment or countenance, though both had used it for their own advantage. The great body of the whigs no doubt sympathized with the purpose of the new organization, but dreaded to manifest their sympathy lest they should be accused of disloyalty to the constitution. So obscure was its birth and baptism that of the half dozen claimants for the honor of its paternity not one of them had more than a very limited local reputation. The man having the best authenticated claim to having organized the first body of voters under this name, and with substantially the principles on which the party was based, lives to-day almost unknown beyond the limits of a country village.

Not only was the new party looked upon with disfavor by political leaders, but its own rank and file regarded with distrust nearly all the prominent men and active workers of the old parties. New men were thrust forward with unexampled rapidity—men who, if not experienced in politics, were thoroughly trusted. The people took charge of the new machine and ran it in their own way and at their own rate of speed. Both parties had used and betrayed, and stood ready to use and betray again. This made the rank and file distrustful of leadership, but anxious to labor and obey. The party eschewed politicians and chose its leaders from those who showed a willingness to be "the servant of servants" to their brethren.

It was anomalous, also, in the contrariety of its elements. It embraced a vast preponderance of the active, aggressive and progressive thought of that day. The

extremes of political faith were found within its ranks, whigs and democrats; federalists and states-rights theorists; protectionists and free-traders. It contained the better part of the intelligence, progressive energy, and political independence of the northern people. They were banded together by the one common idea that whatever might be done must be done to restrain, and eventually to eradicate, American slavery. Of party discipline there was not a trace; but there was an instant and universal subordination of all other political purposes to the promotion of an "irrepressible conflict," which most of its members, no doubt, supposed it would require generations, if not centuries, to decide. This mass of strangely diverse attributes was fused and welded into the semblance of homogeneity by the heat and hammering of rebellion, but the motive of its atoms was not materially changed. Little by little since the close of that conflict it has been losing its coherency and power. The party that was irresistible in its rebellion against old political methods has never submitted kindly to leadership and dictation. As long as the belief was universal that the struggle between that party and its opponents was a conflict for the liberty of the slave or the equality and security of the freedman, the republican phalanx was impenetrable. Behind it stood the intelligence and conscience of the north, willing to subordinate to that end all other political considerations. Just as soon as these things were achieved, or declared to be achieved, the members of the party began to feel as if their term of enlistment had expired, and they were at liberty to follow their

preferences and indulge in political vagaries without disloyalty to the principles which had animated them as republicans. They think that their very faithfulness of service should entitle them to an honorable discharge, and that they should be allowed to re-enlist at their pleasure.

Another source of present weakness is the variety and splendor of the party's achievements. Men who look upon the events of the past quarter of a century think there is no limit to the possibilities of accomplishment. They demand that every day shall be the equivalent of a former decade in achievement. A fiery zeal that cannot brook delay possesses certain elements of the party. They have not patience to let the mortar set in the foundation walls before putting in place the cap-stone. They have come to despise time as an element of political growth or regeneration and to regard the enactment of a statute as the end of the law—the accomplishment of all desired results. Because of this we find among the most active and enthusiastic of its early followers—among those who would have been quite content to have seen as the sole result of twenty years of struggle, slavery excluded from the territories and the District of Columbia—very many to whom all the miracles of its past are but as apples of Sodom, because something which seems to them to have been possible has not been achieved. Among the bitterest of its foes are those whose fame has been achieved in its own service. The basis of their opposition usually lies not in any charge of failure to achieve great things, not in any dissent from its well-

known principles, but in the fact that it has not accomplished even more. They admit its herculean labors. They exult in its beneficent achievements. They glory in its great names. Because, as they conceive, however, it has not done all the good things that the world needed to have performed, they have cast it aside impatiently as a wornout instrument fit only to be remembered for the labors it has achieved. These are rugged, self-willed, independent men, who rarely yield their own conviction to persuasion or advice and are susceptible only to the stern tuition of unexpected events. These men think that the republican party needs only to be scourged and lashed by defeat to enable it to perform, in the future as in the past, a daily complement of beneficent miracles They forget that the era during which it has borne sway has been as exceptional as the party which has held the reins of power.

There has been within the party, too, almost from its organization a peculiar conflict between those terming themselves "practical politicians" and those who were designated with something of derision as "sentimental statesmen." The one believed in the omnipotence of "management" and the other in the ultimate triumph of right. The one pinned its faith on campaign methods, the other on underlying principles. The "sentimentalists" believed that right would triumph because of its inherent power. The "practical politicians" based their hope of success largely on their own ability to outwit the devil, or rather to enlist him on the side of righteousness, at least a portion of the

time. This conflict has had some curious phases. The "practical politicians," who were at first ambitious workers of the other parties who espoused the cause of the new organization, took upon themselves all the credit of success. The Sewards, Weeds and Chases—battered veterans of party machinations—looked with something of contempt upon such simple souls as the Lincolns, Sumners, Garrisons and Phillipses of the new party. I use these names as types. Great and small there were many of each of them. The "practical" men regarded the sentimental abolitionists as in fact only a little less pestiferous than their democratic opponents. They counted them well-intentioned, but purblind idealists—unreasoning infants who whimpered for the moon. While they were compelled to rely upon their support, they yet dreaded their enthusiasm. The "sentimentalists" believed in open warfare. The "practical" men relied entirely upon flank movements. To the one class, politics was the conflict of ideas; to the other, a game of skill. To the one class, "one, with God," was counted "a majority," sure to win in the end. To the other, the end justified the means; and victory, however achieved, constituted success. The "practical" politicians were the great objectors of the party. They were forever applying the pneumatic brakes of vociferous protestation against the indiscretion and outspoken zeal of their associates. They were on the Lord's side, but could see no good reason for exasperating the devil by allowing him to find it out. They spoke civilly enough of John Brown in Kansas, but as soon as he struck Virginia he became only "old

man Brown," and lest his insane movement should destroy the party they made haste, not only to deny the imputation of responsibility, but also all sympathy with the man or the movement. They were never able to understand why, instead of killing the party in some mysterious way, it made it stronger than ever. To the "sentimentalists" this and the events that followed served as an irrefutable confirmation of their belief in the mystic potency of right. Both elements claim for themselves the chief credit for all the party's achievements. The sentimentalists believed that only the enthusiasm, confidence and heroic constancy of the abolition cohorts carried the republican banner to victory. The "practical" statesmen declare that only their shrewdness, caution and stout disapproval of the extravagant notions of their allies saved it from defeat.

These two sections of the party have not been wont to treat each other gingerly. Each has manifested its distrust and not unfrequently its contempt for the other. The "practical politicans" have been wont to sneer at their co-workers as "literary fellers" and to refer to their motives as "barren idealities."

To them slavery and its resultants were complicating accidents, and they did not feel exactly at home while human right was in the lead and policy subordinated to justice. To them statesmanship had always a milled edge, and the unit of its extent was the exact diameter of a dollar. To them the ways and means were of prime importance. Their strategy had no ultimate objective. Their policy did not point to a specific end, but was intended to lead as far as possible in a certain

direction, and then if the road became too difficult to take another, but at all events to keep ahead of their opponents. Their aim was success, and their touchstone of achievement a majority.

The "sentimentalists" despised and denounced their yoke-fellows. They thought that all a party required was principles of the right sort, faith and fortitude. To them success was only an incident. If it did not come in their day it would in some other. They were willing to labor and to wait. Suffering and self-sacrifice they considered among the essentials of achievements. As long as the party was going in that direction they sweated cheerfully at the tug-ropes. They scorned compromises and abominated "deals." They counted the "practical statesman" only a clog and a hindrance. They accepted the results, but protested against his methods. They counted it better that the party should suffer defeat than allow its principles to be relaxed even for an instant. They claimed all the party's achievements as their work and believed that it would have accomplished far more had not the "practical statesmen" impaired its strength. Of course these notions were held with varying degrees of intensity. The "sentimentalist" sloped off by an infinite gradation to the level of the "practical statesman." Now and then a man of rare harmony of character seemed to combine the best elements of both. The extremes always existed, however, and as long as the great common purpose remained—as long as the road to the goal of the sentimentalist was the one the "practical statesman" pursued for the achievement of

power, they were only safe and healthful checks upon each other. When, however, the impression got abroad that the republican party had done the work for which it was especially organized, that there were no further questions affecting human right and liberty to be determined, but only matters of administration and detail—of taxation and expenditure to be decided—many of the idealists withdrew and the "practical statesmen" confidently undertook the task of switching the party upon a new track.

Of course, in any party of progress, there must always be such opposing elements, but because of the facts of its history they were probably never before so clearly defined. Before they joined hands neither could succeed. While they co-operated heartily they were invincible Whether they will again unite in the near future depends entirely on the question whether an issue shall arise sufficiently momentous and engrossing to absorb and unify these elements. At present no question stands in the foreground which is at all capable of accomplishing such result. Some think that the regulation of the civil service has taken the place of the old question of individual right, and is to be the absorbing impulse of a grand to-morrow. Thus far it has shown none of the elements of a popular issue. Unlike all great questions of the past, it has started from the top and seeks to make its way downward to the masses by percolation. The question of trade and finance have more than once shown themselves too weak to disrupt the phalanx that will soon control the government. The nation seems content to leave the

peculiar questions arising out of the social and political condition of affairs at the south either to settle themselves or to develop a more pressing necessity for national intervention. So far as present appearances indicate, therefore, the republican party has before it one of two prospects, to wit: Either a sudden and seemingly fortuitous accession to power through the development of some unexpected question of overweening importance, or a long and difficult struggle as the party of opposition fighting over questions of administration and detail only, until the accumulated force of dissent from the course of the predominant party shall give it a reliable majority in all the states of the north. Which of these fates await it, depends almost entirely on your administration.

I said in my last that you were the period which marked the conclusion of the history of the republican party. This assertion was based upon the fact that only a stupidity as stupendous as your luck could give opportunity for reuniting the inharmonious elements of the republican party, and enable it to overthrow a thoroughly disciplined and compacted party, having more than three-fourths of its electoral majority all ready to be counted without the formality of a vote. If your administration is not such as to paralyze the efficiency of this splendid political machine, then I was right in saying that your place in history will be that of the dot which marks the close of a glorious chapter. Unless, however, you shall display more of wisdom and sagacity than you have thus far manifested as president-elect, even this honor will be more than you will

achieve, and instead of pointing the close of an era—instead of making a full stop in the record of human progress you will constitute only a dash, which, while apparently separating, serves in fact but to connect two epochs of republican glory. So great is your opportunity and so plain the pathway of success, that you would be entitled to even less credit than you would receive for keeping warm the presidential chair four years in order that an abler and worthier representative of the party might occupy and enjoy it afterward. Should you fail to do even this, however, you will find your ignominy to be in exact proportion to your opportunity, and that those who now wait for your coming with hope will note your departure with jeers. To-day you are greeted as a man of destiny. To-morrow you may be forever famous as the fool of luck. For you there is no middle course. You must either do a man's work or win a palterer's fame. Judging your future course by your past achievement the heart grows sick at the prospect of impending shame. If you were one of those, your masters, who looked into our faces over the wall at Gettysburg and flinched not at the sheet of flame that marked its crest, however much of evil might result from his vigorous rule, we might still honor the manhood he would exemplify. For you there is no such charitable refuge. As a man even the most unworthy soldier of the confederacy must blush with shame when he sees you representing the power of the nation. If you fail to achieve success you have no citadel of self-respect within which you can retire and demand the regard even of the

meanest of your countrymen. You must win and deserve an enviable fame or reap an eternal harvest of ridicule too light and flavorless to merit even the dignity of contempt. Your friends stand ready to curse, your enemies to laugh. All the world waits to see if fame is to be the meed of luck, or destiny is to grind its smirking victim to powder.

Respectfully,

NEW YORK, February 11, 1885. SIVA.

No. XI.

WHO IS SIVA?

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—The efforts of your angry henchmen either to discover my identity or deter me from further delineation of your character by wholesale denunciation of my own are as foolish as they are vain. If they should succeed in their quest, it would only increase their chagrin. You, measuring my motive by your own inclination, no doubt, are reported to have said, in allusion to one of my letters: "The writer is probably some government Diogenes, who is afraid I will deprive him of his tub as well as stand in his sunshine." The wit of this remark has such an elephantine grace, and the impulse assigned is one so thoroughly harmonious with your character, that I have no doubt the crony who bore the tale spoke the truth. Unfortunately for your meditated revenge, I am not only beyond the reach of power, but, looking "o'er the verge of life's abyss," I note with untroubled vision the panorama of events. I do not know that "the sunset of life gives me mystical lore." The years that stand between us are not so many as to warrant the conclusion that your life is before you and mine behind me. Such, indeed, may not be the case; but you, who know me, would, if my name were whispered in your ear, realize the

futility of any attempt to deter me by any threat relating to the future, of which I ask nothing.

As the future can hold nothing for me that should awaken fear; so the past contains little that I regret. Save to do a man's part in an honorable station I had never much ambition. The little that I felt has long since been abundantly gratified. I do not address you from the level of the partisan, though it is a plane which the worthiest American need not be ashamed to occupy If you had exhibited enough public spirit to have become an earnest partisan, the country would not to-day be shamed by the spectacle of one who within a month will wear her highest honors, forced to confess himself ignorant even of the names of the leaders of his own party, and so scantily equipped with knowledge of our political history, that he has to learn from the lips of others even the most notable events in the lives of contemporaries so prominent in the public mind as to be accounted fit and proper persons to hold portfolios in the cabinet of a democratic president. Indeed, sir, if you had risen to the level even of a democratic partisan these letters would never have been written. It was because you had never shown enough interest in your country's welfare to master the most salient facts of her current history, that I felt it not only my privilege but my duty to portray your mental and moral lineaments as they truly are, as well for your own sake, as for the good of our countrymen whose strange fatuity has foisted you into a position where ignorance serves no more to palliate error than it does at the common law to excuse crime.

Much clamor has been made because I have presumed to address you in this manner without disclosing my identity. I deemed this quite unnecessary because I knew that not only your own consciousness but the inmost knowledge of those coming nearest to your life would confirm every stroke of my limning. As a portrait it is of the severely realistic school, showing the subject as he is, not as he ought to be—as he is capable of being, not as good men might wish he were. Into this picture imagination has not entered in the least degree. Its life-like verity results from the fact that it was painted, not from any substituted model, but from continuous and oft-times unintended study of the living subject, until every line and shade of his character were ineradicably stamped upon my consciousness.

As an elector I am of right entitled to address you as a servant about to enter my employment. It is true you were not my choice, and with my knowledge of your character I do not believe any one would have chosen you. You were engaged, however, by one acting nominally at least in my behalf, to serve for a certain specified term. Though I can hardly admit the right of this agent to act for myself and others, believing his credentials to be tainted with fraud, yet, as it is not proposed to raise this question, and as the objection to your character is not of a kind to invalidate the contract, you may be considered legally engaged to serve your masters—the people—during a specified period. This being the relation which exists between us, I feel entirely free, as one of the principals, whose collective will and purpose you are expected to execute, in ad-

dressing you without form or ceremony as my prospective servant, in regard to duties you are about to assume; your ability to discharge them properly; the influence that will surround you in your new position, and the results that may accrue both to yourself and the world from the good or ill performance of the same.

It may be that I have also been unconsciously influenced by another feeling. While I do not at all subscribe to the maxim that "familiarity breeds contempt," there are certainly cases in which the more complete our knowledge of another the less exalted is our opinion of him. Though I cannot claim to have been in any esoteric sense your friend, yet we have been nearer neighbors than you perhaps suppose. In a sense we may be said to have been boys together, for though the cares of life had settled on my shoulders ere you had yet attained to man's estate, the same chill breezes fanned our brows in early manhood, and, like you, I have still the habit of clutching at my beaver's brim when I approach the crossing of a street. It is said that every one who lives a twelve-month in the city where your luck sprouted like Jack's bean-stalk while you slept gets this habit fastened upon him for life. I do not know how this may be, but I catch myself doing it every now and then, and one would as soon expect a Texas steer to pass an electric light without shying as to see you wear the treasured memento of a thoughtful friend's recognition of your power to serve his wishes around a corner in the balmiest weather without grasping it with at least one stalwart hand firmly by the brim.

I do not know that I ever met you personally in those ante-bellum days. Your countenance may perhaps have been familiar to my vision. I may even have had a dim consciousness of what you were, if not a specific knowledge of your name and station. Perhaps you did not affect that plane of society in which my acquaintance chiefly lay, and I should be most unwilling to admit that I had any familiarity with that stratum of the city's life on which you especially conferred the favor of your familiarity. It is true also that the influences surrounding our lives gradually became more and more dissimilar as time wore on. Though we both drifted into the same profession, it did not happen to me to remain and gather in the crumbs of practice falling from the tables of the absent elders in those early days. As you already know, I was one of those weak souls whom the whirlwind of war swept off their base and whisked away where the hot gusts of battle played with lives and fortunes.

It was only after the struggle was over, when suffering had put its crown of thorns upon my life and set its coronal of gray upon my brow, that I came to know you personally. The exigencies of war had sapped the abundant vitality of manhood's prime, and left me weak and broken upon the strand that bounds life's best activities. I thought then that my life work was ended. I had done a simple soldier's part, and reaped a soldier's reward—the consciousness of duty performed. The past held nothing of which I wished to boast; the future nothing for which I dared to hope. The fetid odor of the prison pen was in my nostrils.

There was left to me only a shred of hope spared from a life whose opportunities had been wrecked by the wild and foolish impulse to share in the salvation of the nation and the upbuilding of an age. Yet, somehow, I could not feel despondent. I was not yet old—in years at least—and life, though shattered, was still sweet. By rare good fortune it has since been prosperous and peaceful, and the love for those "who love for others show" has kept warm within my breast. I know it was a silly thing to offer one's life for a mere notion, but I am glad I was moved to do it, and I cannot help honoring above all others those who answered, however weakly, to the country's call for men. They may have done nothing—there may have been no need for them to do—but the simple fact that they were willing to give themselves a sacrifice for others seems to me to entitle them to peculiar consideration, especially from those who were benefited by their action. This may be all a mistake. Perhaps, on my part, it is the result of comradeship. Natures that are welded by the hot-blast of peril are not easily sundered. Yet I do not believe that the mere fact of an accidental association is the reason why I so highly esteem the proffer of life for the nation's preservation. I admit that your favorite theory, that a soldier is at the best only a brute, is in a sense true. There is a good deal of brutality about man under any conditions. There are various sorts of brutality and I must confess that, to my mind, the brutality that impels men to stand

"Between our loved homes and the war's desolation"

is a good deal better than the brutality which sits quiet

amid the tumult of arms, unmoved by national peril and individual woe, and simply says to himself and cronies, who are like-minded with him, "Eat, drink and be merry." I am not sure that I do not prize the "bruiser" who trains his muscles simply that he may excel in brutal combat more highly than the mere debauchee who regards his body only as an instrument that ministers to his sensuous gratification. Both are brutes, no doubt; but the one is typified by the lion, the other by the hog. The hog is harmless, I admit, and by some deemed edible, but for me, I much prefer the leonine type, whether of man or beast. This notion may be a very erroneous one. I am inclined now to think that it is—an opinion in which I am aware that you heartily concur. At that time, however, this idea had so strong a hold upon my mind that, even with the grave yawning before me, I think I was more nearly at peace with all men than I had ever been before. I am almost ashamed to confess that I was then so grateful for the privilege of having been allowed to do even a little toward accomplishing the result which millions of flaunting banners proclaimed, that I really pitied one who had missed such glorious opportunity.

It was just at this time that I first became consciously aware of your identity. Your story was told me by an approving friend who prophesied that, if your appetites did not get the better of your discretion, you would become—very wealthy! I remember, smiling at the prediction and pitying the subject. It seemed to me such a mean and petty thing that one having the

form of man—the thews and sinews of a strong, young man—one unhampered by domestic ties or moral obligations—should have lived through those climacteric years and won, even from a friend, only the dubious commendation that he would grow rich, if the breeching of prudence proved strong enough to restrain his inclination. Since that hour I have watched with curious interest your rise and—I like to have said—development. To have used that term, however, would have been to do injustice to your luck as well as to my instinct for scientific accuracy. What you were then, so far as I have been able to discern, you still remain. The only difference I discover is, that while in those days you assumed to be in the main only what you were, your sudden and fortuitous exaltation has awakened a dim, instinctive sense of shame for your intellectual and moral nakedness, which has induced you to adopt various flimsy devices for its concealment. You realize indistinctly that you have very few of those attributes and attainments which your position demands. Unfortunately, you deplore this fact much less than its discovery. You seem to think that the concealment of defects is almost equal to the possession of virtues. So you wrap yourself up in the fool's mantle, silence, and fondly imagine that, by listening to the opinions of others, you will pick up enough of statesmanship to last during your term. The idea is about as practicable as for a sea captain to expect to learn navigation by gluing his ear to the forecastle hatch. He who would utilize the weather-eye and nautical experience of the seafarer must himself be a sailor; and the ruler who

would gather wisdom from the counsel of partisans must have beforehand, not only some knowledge of political history, but, above all things, a patriot's earnest aspiration for the welfare of his country.

It has been rashly asserted by some of your overzealous followers, that in what I have written of you, I have been moved by envy and the promptings of a defeated ambition. In this they have been singularly unfortunate. My ambition for public place has been so much more than gratified that I have long since come to regard with something akin to aversion any mark of public approbation that carries with it specific duty. While never liking to be deemed a shirk, I have sometimes wished that I might obtain exemption from civic duty as you did a soldier's danger—by putting in a substitute. As for the promptings of envy, I am sure that one must have read these letters very carelessly who could believe the writer to be moved by any feeling of personal ill-will. In truth, I am as incapable of envying the fate which has thrust you into a position you are so singularly unfitted to adorn as I was of begrudging you the luck that brought you through the era of conflict with an unpunctured hide and without one flutter of anxiety save when your name was drawn from the wheel and you were ordered to report in person or by proxy for a soldier's duty. We are so widely separated in temper and inclination, so antipodal in the direction that life has given to our respective thoughts, that it is impossible for me to regard you with any other feeling than that which an interested scientific observer has for a rare and curious specimen

in his own peculiar line of study. To me you are simply a curious anomaly—a man without positively attractive or seriously offensive features of character. You resemble both in personal attributes and in the impression made upon the observer the larger species of the Laridæ, one of whose favorite haunts is the blue waters of the lake which beats tumultuously against the wharfage of your adopted city. No one can feel animosity or hardly repulsion toward one of those graceful creatures who toss so easily and securely about in the wake of the storm—pure white wraiths which show against the darkness,

> "Like spirits that lie in the azure sky
> When they love but live no more."

We know him to be the scavenger of the sea. When we see him lightly perched upon the crest of the wave we know that, though seemingly as pure and sweet as the messenger sent forth from the drifting ark, or the herald of peace that hovered above the Master's brow, he is in fact engorging himself upon the putrid offal which the perturbed sea casts up. He skirts the storm, not because he loves the conflict of wind and wave, exults in the strength of his wing, or glories in outdoing other denizens of the misty air, but because the vexed sea gives up the dead on which he feasts. His eye is as keen as the eagle's. His flight is swifter than the falcon's. His plumage as spotless as the dove's. But his eye never flashes defiance to an enemy. Its red glare tells only of the vulture's ignoble greed. His sweeping pinion never bears him to the fray but serves him only in flight or to bear him swiftly to his putrid prey. The

cry that comes out of the darkness of the storm is not the shrill note of defiance, but the harsh squawk of fear or hunger. His seemingly spotless plumage on near approach turns out perhaps to be a dirty gray, and what seems the sweet etheral sprite, when brought within the closer range of sense, is found reeking with fetid odor of the sea's decaying life. We know these things, yet no one hates the gull. Children watch his gambols with delight. Nature seems to have exempted him from hostility. No other bird preys upon him, and it would be vain for any to pursue. By the distant beholder he is regarded with complacency, if not with admiration. The instinct of the scavenger preserves him from too near approach. The naturalist may delight in the study of the mew, but he is not sought after for the aviary. To accuse me of animosity toward you is to do injustice not only to your excellencies, but even to your defects; for while the former may stimulate a mild approval, the latter can never do more than awaken a languid dislike. What you have to fear is not hatred, but something more fatal to a man of destiny—contempt. Hatred is impotent to hinder immortality, but a sneer blights fame's fairest flower.

I will go further, sir, and say that my interest in you is of a very friendly character. You represent a most interesting experiment which I have watched with no little anxiety. You typify to-day the negative element of political evil in contradistinction to its more acrid and malevolent forces. As a choice of evils the patriotic citizen ought to pray that you may live long and grow day by day, less and less inclined to active and

positive measures, in order that the vis inertia of your nature may serve to restrain the active and malignant elements of your party and thereby subserve the interests of good government. This way lieth fame for you and safety for the republic. I am not the man to deny your opportunity or depreciate your capacity to achieve an exalted destiny. One of the keenest observers whom the world has ever known wrote of a certain monarch, some of the shades of whose character were singularly like your own:

"He understood the interests of France and faithfully pursued them so long as he could identify them with his own." It has been my purpose to convince you that your own fame and the country's good lie in the same direction. I am not so weak as to hope that you will understand the interests of the country or that you would care to pursue them if they ran contrary to your own. I am not without hope, however, that before it is too late you may learn that duty, honor, and inclination all point in the same direction—the pathway which your previous preparation has especially fitted you to pursue. If you can only manage to accomplish as little during the next four years as in the forty-seven that are past, you are sure to win the fame you are so anxious to enjoy, but are not brave enough or strong enough to achieve by any active means.

It is in these elements of your character and in this complexion of the times that I put my trust. This may seem but negative approval, but you must remember that you are yourself only a supreme negation. It is said that you are trying to learn your duties as well

as to acquaint yourself with the salient points in the history and character of your party associates. You will pardon me, I hope, sir, if I say that in my opinion it is too late to do either. All that you can do with credit to yourself is to do nothing. I would not for the world repress in any one the desire to accomplish good, but I sincerely believe that in your case such an aspiration could only result in failure and disgrace to yourself and peril to the nation. "As you were!" is the only military command you are fitted either to give or to obey. It is an inflexible law that "the child is father of the man," and that youth shapes the destiny of age. Because the leopard cannot change his spots, it is as certain as that daylight follows dawning that the man who could pass in his early years through the seven times heated furnace of our nation's crucial struggle and show no sign of interest in the public weal or individual woe the conflict wrought, can ever rise to the height of appreciating the nation's need, the age's requirement, or his own opportunity.

Yours, respectfully,

NEW YORK, February 16, 1885. SIVA.

No. XII.

THINE ENEMY'S ARRAY.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—The republican party when last it stood in opposition in the nation was purely a party of conscience. Its animating impulse was the immediate limitation and ultimate extinction of slavery. It advocated all measures looking to this end on the ground of the highest moral right. The economic view of the question was urged only as a reason why the slave-holder himself should be willing to favor its gradual removal. But so far as the action of the party was concerned its sole aim was the achievement of a specific object because it was in accordance with the highest principles of right. Policy, expediency, it openly and professedly discarded. Probably never before was so little regard paid by a party to what are ordinarily termed political considerations. From the highest to the lowest position within the gift of that party devotion to individual liberty was the touchstone of approval. The man who was strongest, most earnest, most self-denying, most sagacious in the advocacy of the right of the slave to freedom, that man was sure to receive the indorsement of his party. It was that sentiment which pushed to the front that wonderful phalanx of orators and statesmen who composed the advance guard of the republican

party. The one great essential was the admission and advocacy of the right of every man to liberty because of the fact of manhood. And because of the unifying power of this great principle, difference upon all other questions was forgotten. This thought fused the whole party into one homogeneous mass. Touch it where you would and the flash that came from it was the electric spark of liberty.

Unlike any other party that has existed in our country since the period of the revolution at least, it had but one war cry with which it answered all objection and overbore all opposition—liberty, equality, right. It measured every question that arose by the standard of abstract right. Not only was justice the first element which it required in all public measures, but the last. Policy, as contradistinguished from right, it trampled indignantly beneath its feet. Policy and right, justice and expediency, it counted always harmonious and inseparable, one and the same. It not only scorned the political methods of the past but mocked at all the accepted theories of political wisdom. It counted a grain of truth and justice as outweighing all possible considerations of power and advantage. For the first time in the history of the world a party was organized, grew in strength, and at length achieved domination, asking nothing for itself, accepting no leadership, caring nothing for the elevation of its favorites, but demanding only that justice be done to an oppressed and down-trodden people to whom they were bound by no ties of race nor by any distinctive community of religious thought.

As a party of opposition at that time the republican party had never known an equal. It was fierce and furious beyond any parallel in our history. Everywhere it was unresting and uncompromising. It overbore opposition by the sheer force of its onset. No odds dismayed, no difficulties discouraged it. Its fiery zeal burned up the dross of all baser considerations. It pursued its opponents with unwearying ardor and with unshrinking ruthlessness. It pulled down the high and lifted up the low. It smote its enemies hip and thigh with ruthless disregard of all other considerations. It scourged the slaveholder with the lash of his own barbarity. It repaid insult with infamy. It rewarded treachery with unfathomable shame. When the pulpit thundered against it, it divided the church. When the south threatened dissolution, it answered with defiance. It flouted every political dogma that was not based on the one corner-stone of universal liberty. It crushed with an utter indifference to past services every man who did not account the divine doctrine of equality of right as outranking and overshadowing all other political questions.

Above all things, it may be said of the republican party in that day that it was a good hater. There was no middle ground between it and its enemies. It had no hangers-on, no malcontents, no half-hearted followers. He that was not with it stood against it. It hurled the fire of its denunciation just as fiercely against the doubter and maligner as against its more active enemies. Nay, it went farther and regarded with a peculiar scorn those opponents of the slave's liberty

who chanced to dwell in what were termed the "free states" of the Union. For the slave-holder himself, however bitterly it might deplore the crime and the sin of his acts, however fiercely it might denounce his arrogance, and however stoutly it might resist his aggressions, it professed the most abounding charity. It admitted the bias of long-established custom; it recognized the palliating tenor of national law, the influence of public opinion, the example of former ages, and above all things the natural force of self-interest and the inherited inclination of the Anglo-Saxon to maintain whatever he has come to regard as guaranteed to him by prescribed right. Because of this, the republican party, fused by the intensity of its abolition core, "in the very heat and fury of its wrath," acquired the habit of distinguishing between the principles it opposed and the personality of its opponents. It hated slavery, but it pitied and forgave the slave-holder. It hated oppression, but excused the oppressor. It denounced cruelty and injustice, but admitted the weakness of human nature and willingly sought excuse for the woes that sprang from ignorance, greed, and lust.

Toward its opponents in the northern states, however, it was less charitable. It scourged with a whip of scorpions every man of northern birth and training who offered excuse for slavery or stood forth as the advocate of its continuance or extension. Many a scarified soul among the democrats of to-day feels still the sting of castigation received from the hands of knightly champions of liberty. He who will inherit your official garment, should you be fortunate enough

to depart this life while yet its flimsy veil conceals your essential insignificance — the Hoosier vice-president, who looks upon your exaltation as a personal affront to himself—is covered from head to heel with welts laid on by the lusty hands of abolition giants whose motto was to strike and spare not.

It must be confessed that there was no little of arrogance in the assumption upon which the republican party was based. Thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of its underlying idea, it was as intolerant of any other belief as slavery itself. There was this difference, however, between the intolerance of the republicans and the arrogance of slavery. The one distinguished between the thought and the person entertaining it. It refused to believe in the sincerity or patriotism of any man who was the apologist of slavery, but it allowed every one to advocate whatever idea he chose without personal molestation. The party —or the idea which animated and controlled it—had grown up amid the heat of persecution. Wild mobs had rocked its cradle. Jeers and curses had been its lullaby. Noisome missiles the diet of its early years. Violence and murder the arguments it had overcome. The blood of its martyrs had been the seed of its strength. The "poor dumb wounds" of its leaders were even more eloquent than their words. It had learned in this terrible school intolerance of idea, it is true, but the most perfect and unquestioning toleration of privilege. It spat with frothing scorn upon all theories and ideas inconsistent with its own all-absorbing dogma of equality of human right. It lashed with

words of unexampled bitterness those who doubted the all-sufficiency of its simple creed. But it remembered the days of its own tribulation, and offered neither violence nor ostracism to its enemies in the days of its success. It arrogated to itself an exclusive monopoly of purity of motive and soundness of logic. It allowed men to doubt or disbelieve, but it put upon them the brand of insincerity or treason to the holiest instincts of humanity if they did.

From the very first hour of its existence the republican party was an aggressive power. It moved upon its enemy's works along the whole line. Again and again it was repulsed, but never for an instant intermitting the ardor of its attack. It filled the country with the fiery glare of angry disputation. The great leader of its armies in the conflict that ensued may well have learned the simple strategy by which he succeeded, that of constant hammering, impetuous attack, and unconditional surrender, from the party whose vital spirit gave success to the national arms.

With its accession to power under the leadership of that noblest of patriots and sweetest of martyrs, Abraham Lincoln, the republican party, while losing none of its intensity of conviction, came almost insensibly to acquire something of the tenderness and humility of its great head. He who started out to perform the stupendous work that lay before him with simple thankfulness to the people to whose favor he owed so much; who asked with bowed head that all would pray that he might "receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which

success is certain"; who declared before entering upon his task that if the country could not be saved upon the principle of liberty for all that he would "rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it"; who said in the very hour when he took upon himself the obligation of the position you are about to assume, to those who were already banded in arms against the nation, "We are not enemies, but friends"; he whose last immortal declaration "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," formed a halo enwrapped in which he went forth into immortality—this man more than all other men, more than all the great events that have occurred during its wonderful career, gave tone and character to the republican party, prescribed its controlling sentiment and stamped upon the hearts of its rank and file the spirit and temper which has animated their conduct.

As a result of this inspiration they have been always generous to their opponents and savagely intolerant to each other. They have sought excuse for dishonor and failed to visit iniquity with punishment. They have been marvelously merciful to their enemies, and timorously unjust to their friends. They have sought eagerly for excuse for organized violence, and have failed to avenge the slaughter of the innocent. They have so worshiped mercy that they have forgotten justice. They have so magnified the glory of forgiveness that they have forgotten the condition of penitence on which it rightfully rests. They have so feared the suspicion of harshness toward a fallen foe that they

have forgotten duty to a helpless friend. They have been so keenly alive to the taunts of their opponents that they dared not stand by the rights of that race whose liberties they were willing to embroil a continent in strife to achieve. While condemning the abstract principles of those to whom they were opposed, they have tenderly spared the personality of their opponents. While contemning the principles of their enemies, they have awarded unstinted and undeserved praise to their leaders. While boasting of the achievements of our armies, they have obliterated from our banners the mementoes of victory. While exulting in the achievement of liberty for the slave, they have turned a deaf ear to the freedman's cry for knowledge and for right. They have sought to rule by offering to their enemies milk and honey, and putting gall and wormwood to the lips of their friends. They have demanded of those who serve them more than human perfection. In those who opposed they have stood ready to excuse the most inhuman barbarism. Smitten upon one cheek, they have not only turned the other but cringed before the insulter and begged the honor of another flout.

I have been reminded many times, when contemplating the past of the republican party, of the story of Vessantara in his exile upon the rock of Vankagiri. When the wicked old Brahman who wanted slaves for his young wife, came to the hermitage and demanded his two children, the father merely tried to persuade him to forego his demand. But when the children ran and hid themselves under the lotus leaf, and the Brah

man accused the father of having sent them into hiding to prevent his obtaining possession of them, Vessantara bewailed his misfortune in having such an accusation made against him. It seems strange that the inchoate, unperfected Buddha should have sought exaltation through such a degrading sacrifice. But we knew the sacrifice had this excuse: he did it because he hoped thereby to save all mankind from infinite woe. So the republican party, hoping to woo eternal peace to the heart of the nation, allowed the helpless children born of the throes of war to be led away into a thralldom all the more pitiable and unjust because seemingly sanctified with mercy and sanctioned with the approval of their natural guardian and protector.

From the very hour of the downfall of the confederacy the republican party has been a tender apologist for the natural outgrowth of the principles which it combatted in its early days. It has sought forgiveness from its enemies as if it had been the aggressor. It has not only condoned the wrong of the past, but has striven valorously to forget there was ever any right. It has not only restored to the conquered enemy the sword of power, but has invited its embrocation in the blood of the innocent. It has refused to wound, even by implication, the tenderest feelings of its former foes, but has shut its eyes while they have slaughtered more of its allies, peaceful citizens of the republic, than were slain on any battlefield of the rebellion. But this kindliness, this all-abounding charity, has been sanctified by so sweet a hope for peace, so profound an aspiration for the common weal, such self-

abnegating humility of purpose and such all-pervading doubt of its own rectitude; such a royal scorn of unworthiness in its own ranks and such magnificent trust in the patriotism and chivalry of its opponents, that even their malignity finds itself almost at loss for phrases to express the scorn it feels. Its vices so "incline to virtue's side" that even those who suffer from its weakness can but admire the sweetness of its motive. It died from too much trust in its enemies and too little faith in its friends. It died by over-working mercy, from an abounding fear lest it should be unjust. It died from continual praising of its foes and disparagement of its friends. It died because its humility was so great indeed that it feared it might become vain-glorious. It died because it thought it had performed all the good needed to be done, and feared lest in its zeal it had gone too far and done perhaps too much.

It is not my place, sir, to take one leaf from the chaplet of this glorious party. Bewailing as I do its failure to conclude the great work which it set out to accomplish; distrusting as I do every potent element of the party which you represent; despairing as I do of any good result from the evil domination that will control the land through you, its instrument, far be it from me to utter one word in derogation of a time so rich in marvelous events, a period so fecund in great names, a party so glorious in beneficent and grand achievements Its epitaph is written in one word—success. But that word must be translated as a poet has lately sung:

"Success
Is sacrifice. So lay me in the tomb,
And let some perfect bloom
Grow thence for God to pluck and call success."

Its very success, however, has unfitted the party for the role of the opposition. It has so cultivated self-scrutiny; it has grown so tender of the wishes and feelings of its enemies, and so regardless of the rights and sentiments of its friends; it has so prided itself upon applying the touchstone of judgment with impartiality; it has been so long accustomed to account itself responsible for the welfare of the nation rather than of its own ascendency; it has so long deprecated its own excellencies and magnified the virtues of its opponents that it has for a time lost the power of concentrated assault and steady, unrelenting hostility. It has to learn again the tactics of its earlier years. It must see evil triumphant and peril impending before it can rally its forces again to assured victory. In the meantime it must undergo a transformation.

Instead of being a proponent, it must become an objector. Instead of defending, it must assail. The habits of thought of a quarter of a century must be overturned, and the struggle of a past generation be again commenced under circumstances so different as to render early success altogether improbable.

Such a change of methods or ideas is not easily or quickly effected at the best. The republican party of to-day has no central idea sufficiently potent to fuse all its discordant elements. There is no one principle in support of which all its factions are agreed, and to the

establishment of which they are willing to subordinate all other considerations. The one differential element of its pristine life is wanting. Though the margin by which it was defeated was excessively small—the thousandth part of one per cent in your state—yet it cannot be doubted that a considerable portion of its vote, especially in that state, was cast by men naturally and logically belonging to the ranks of its opponents. Success will win the greater portion of these to their former allegiance, while exasperation and chagrin will prevent a considerable portion of the two recalcitrant elements of the republican party from returning to its support. In addition to this, a party coming into power after having been a generation in the minority offers great inducements not merely to active and ambitious partisans, but to self-seeking converts, reckless and aspiring swashbucklers, to whom the full ranks of a party which has been long in power offer little opportunity. The republican party in its twenty-five years of prosperity has not only gathered into its fold many to whom personal advantage and the glamour of victory are of greater moment than the public weal, but it has also many ambitious and disappointed men who will look to the success of the democracy as the opportunity of a lifetime for acquiring prominence and preferment. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together," and vultures hover ever about the rear of a victorious army.

The opportunity which lies before you and your associates in the representative branch of the government for perpetuating the ascendency of your party

is unmatched in the history of representative government. Unfortunately for you, the enemies you have to fear are those of your own household. You and they have been elevated to power only on probation. The abounding charity which republicanism inspired has only at the best been sufficient to induce a bare majority of four northern states to accept democratic national ascendency with a sort of mental reservation in case of its failure to justify their hope. The one thing that would almost instantly restore the republican party to its pristine strength and vigor would be for the democracy to show its true colors and give to the country such an administration as would naturally be expected from a party composed of such elements as it unquestionably contains, headed by a leader of such antecedents as yourself. Weak as defeat has left the republican party after its long lease of power, and favorable as the auspices apparently are under which your party assumes control of the government, the task which lies before you and them is of the most difficult and doubtful character. One of two courses are necessary to perpetuate your success. Either your party must be held in check, the status quo maintained with a rigor hitherto undreamed of in our country, and nothing done or attempted save to exhume and magnify the errors of the past and the shortcomings of your adversaries while in power, or your party must be born again. No trivial change, no coat of gleaming lacquer, no outward assumption of a broad humanity and a self-forgetful patriotism will suffice. If you are able to sit in the seat of power and do nothing, the chances are

vastly in your favor. But if the old democratic lust of power prevails over your inertia; if the "solid south" is to be again "in the saddle"; if the wrong which republican weakness permitted grows arrogant and aggressive, no power on earth can save them from annihilating overthrow and you from well-merited infamy.

Do not think, sir, that these contingencies afflict me sorely. I know that sooner or later the right will triumph. The past, which alone affects me personally, is secure. The party to which its glory was chiefly due neither died of dry rot nor was it defeated in fair and open conflict in the arena of public thought. By secret violence and fraud that stifled the voice of a million voters and by the weakness and treachery of its most favored allies alone was it overcome. I know very well that the tree of liberty must be enriched not only by blood but also by decay. I realize that shame is the chief stimulant of honor. I know full well that out of the dregs of slavery, out of the debris of treason, out of hatred and fraud and murder, out of selfishness and lethargy and greed, out of weakness and cowardice and sloth, out of all those elements which are hostile to freedom, humanity and the right, no flower of liberty, no substantial and enduring prosperity, can by any possibility spring. I am sure also that neither you nor the party you so fitly represent can by any means prevent the ultimate completion of the work which the republican party has so gloriously begun. If it were possible for them to take up the mission which the republican party has laid down and carry it to its

legitimate results, no words can measure the renown which you and your associates would justly achieve. But to do that you and they—saving only a fringe of unassimilable allies—must give the lie to all your past and borrow the spirit which has animated the republican party as well as steal the scepter it has wielded.

SIVA.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1885.

No. XIII.

THE STOCK IN TRADE.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—It is especially unfortunate for you that a lack of interest in public matters led you not only to neglect the study of social and political questions in your earlier years, but even until the most recent period kept you notably and astonishingly ignorant of current and political events. Until you became the nominee of your party for the governorship, and your ambition was awakened by the unexpected and enormous majority which you received at the election which ensued, it is safe to say that it would be difficult to find a business or professional man, or indeed a man of ordinary intelligence in any position in life, who was so phenomenally ignorant of the political history of this country during the period elapsing since you arrived at years of discretion. Even the sequence of its most notable events is so dimly impressed upon your mind that you fear to converse in regard to them lest you should betray the singular inadequacy of your equipment for public life. You are one of the very few, in that rank of life to which fortune has enabled you to aspire, to whom the great intellectual struggle that preceded the climax of our national tragedy was without significance and without interest. The rela-

tions and characters of the great actors in our national history have never seemed to you worthy enough of study or consideration to merit the intermission even for a brief period of your personal pleasures and individual pursuits. As a result of this indifference to public events and historical facts, your information with regard to our political history is so fragmentary and elliptical as to disarm the ridicule and awaken only the pity of him who comes to know something of its exceptional character despite the guard which a phenomenal caution has set upon your tongue.

This want of knowledge of the past and lack of study of the causes which underlie even the present aspect of political affairs is not, however, anything like so amazing as the climacteric ignorance you have displayed in regard to your own political associates. It would seem utterly incredible that a man who, for two years at least, has counted himself among the "presidential possibilities," should have had so little interest in the organization, character and personnel of the party to which he looked for preferment, as not to know at least the names of its leaders in the various states. It would even seem to be impossible that one exposed to that contagion of current knowledge with which the daily press surrounds the life of every intelligent person, even without the stimulus of personal interest, should know so few of the leading men of his day, and know so little, even of those whom he knew best. That a president-elect should be ignorant even of the names of individuals of his own party, who have for years been its active and efficient leaders in the various

states, is a fact so astounding that one might well doubt the possibility of its occurrence, but for "the sensible and true avouch" of many concurrent witnesses, and the oft repeated admissions of friends who have been indiscreet enough to boast of this ignorance as a proof of extreme simplicity. That a man should be ignorant even of the existence of men who had reached the highest level of state preferment before his political birth, and ever since have wielded the dictatorship of his party in their respective states, would seem impossible to one having ordinary intelligence and living outside the boundaries of that rayless space where

> "Darkness might be bottled up
> And sold for Tyrian dye."

It was bad enough, in all conscience, that the country should be required to bear the burden of a president of whom his own particular friends could say, "In all probability his cabinet will be mainly composed of men whom he never saw until after his election." But the most discouraging feature of your intellectual condition is that you do not deem it at all important that you should know these things provided only you are able to conceal your ignorance of them. Perhaps no more astoundingly ludicrous statement is to be found in all history than your own naïve declaration two months after your election that you proposed to devote the period intervening before your inauguration among other things to "posting up on the duties of the president!" It would have been a splendid jest if it had not unfortunately been spoken in earnest. The

simple truth is that fortune has so favored you, despite your ill-equipment, that you despise the power of knowledge and inwardly sneer at the idea of its being regarded as necessary. It never once occurred to you that one could not "post up on the duties of the president" as easily as you were wont to prepare yourself to try a charge of vagrancy in a police court. You thought you were giving the country an assurance of good government when, on the first day of January in the current year of grace, you complacently assured them that between that time and the fourth of March ensuing, you intended to "post up" on the duties that may thereafter devolve upon you. You never doubted until the laugh went round, and one journal after another pointed a jest with your well-intended declaration, that any one could doubt that eight weeks were sufficient time in which to make a cabinet and to prepare a president also.

Strange as it may seem, your ignorance of public men and affairs is not in any considerable degree due to incapacity. While nature has not blessed you with any remarkable intellectual gifts; while even in those matters to which you have chosen to devote your attention you have never been able to excel in any notable degree your fellows, yet it cannot be denied and should not be forgotten that you are blessed with an exceeding good memory, and have a love for the petty details of those matters which bear upon your personal interests, which has enabled you to win some reputation for sharpness, especially in the management of cases requiring somewhat more of the shyster's trickery than of the

lawyer's acumen. In regard to those things which come within the radius of your own personal interest and enjoyment, you are by no means dull or listless. There are three subjects which you are always ready to discuss, and in regard to which you may be said to possess an extended if not an accurate knowledge. Unfortunately, for the country at least, these favorite themes are not in the least degree connected with the public welfare. Indeed, they are hardly of a character that invites public discussion. No doubt, the attention you have given to them has tended in a considerable degree to diminish in your mind the importance of those public events which only remotely affect your individual interest and personal enjoyment.

Mere obscurity is, of course, no conclusive argument against even abnormal capacity. It may imply either the lack of opportunity or the indifference of a great mind for a pursuit not adapted to its capacity. There is no greater fallacy than that which implies a man's capacity to achieve great things from his ability to perform little ones, or the reverse. The man who is fittest to rule an empire is not unfrequently incapable of conducting an ordinary business. Socrates was no doubt an ill-provider for his household, else Xantippe had hardly visited his head with such a manifestation of her wrath. Cæsar was a bankrupt until the plunder of empires filled his treasury. Napoleon was an object of ridicule until his artillery made his name a thing of terror. Cromwell was an unsuccessful farmer. Sherman failed both as lawyer and banker. Grant was by no means strikingly successful as a tanner. Among

your predecessors in office there has been perhaps one who had hardly more personal acquaintance among his distinguished contemporaries than yourself, but every citizen of the republic knew him and his works. More than one of them, however, has proved conclusively that antecedent obscurity is no guaranty for subsequent renown. In all those instances, however, where the flower of fame has blossomed on the root of obscurity, we find as abundant evidence the restless yearnings of a nature that could not be bounded or limited by its own selfish enjoyments and restricted surroundings. Before Cæsar attained the command of a legion he had planned the conquest of the world. Cromwell neglected his turnips because his thought was intent upon "the tares that infest the realm of England." Napoleon planned a Corsican empire before he trained his guns upon Toulon. Grant's ill-success as a tanner was no doubt due to the fact that the mind which held in easy and harmonious grasp the movements of a dozen armies, whose memory was so marvelous that it never lost its hold upon a fact nor required to consult authority to inform him of time or place, did not find scope for its powers in the limited round of a restricted business. In no instance has the fame of great achievement been linked with lack of preparation, the limitation of knowledge to the narrow bounds of self and stolid indifference to the public welfare. The man who rises out of obscurity by his own exertion, or seizes, with the instinct of genius, the forelock of opportunity, only finds the merit of subsequent achievement magnified by contrast with his past. To him who is merely

seized upon by party necessity, however, and dragged neck and crop, limp and inert, over the heads of active, capable and meritorious leaders to be dropped a flabby mass of surprised selfishness into the seat of power no lasting fame has ever come. Opportunity enables the well-equipped and waiting man, the restless and panting soul, to leap to the highest limit of fame. It only lifts the non-doer to a dizzy pinnacle in order to hurl him down to still greater insignificance. It is the crow that carries the tortoise to the clouds only to drop him upon the rocks.

It must move the heart even of your most malevolent enemy to note with what a beggarly stock in trade you will, within a fortnight, open business in the white house. Around you will stand a group of partisans unsurpassed in skill, courage and experience by any body of political leaders known to our history, save only that magnificent array who fought the battle of liberty in the earlier days of the republican party. For extent of resource, tested nerve and variety of experience it may even be doubted if they were the equals of the democratic champions of to-day. The lessons of peace and war are yet fresh in their memories. They have seen liberty triumph over oppression, and weakness bid defiance to power. They have studied the past and the present from vantage ground such as history has rarely offered. The dead confederacy speaks through the lips of its chosen sons the lessons of its rise and fall. They who have hung like wolves upon the flanks of the republican party for a quarter of a century stand ready to warn you of the mistakes of

your opponents. These men have fought the battle whose trophies you have gathered without exertion, and now offer you the results of their experience in order that the party may garner through your action the substantial fruits of victory. They may not be men of the broadest principles, or the safest rulers for the nation to have, but they are men of rare political experience, of the most commanding personality, who have proved their faith by their works. Among them you must, of course, stand as a pigmy among giants. Well would it be for your future fame if you could harmonize their counsels and submit yourself to their guidance. Such is the jealousy of your nature, such the intensity of your knowledge of your own unworthiness, however, that you cannot treat another with frankness or accord to him the meed of deserved praise. Insignificant as you are, they would no doubt gladly subordinate themselves and freely dedicate their capacity and experience to your service in order to promote the success of your administration, if you were but large enough to treat them with that candor and sincerity which their merit and condescension entitles them to receive at your hands. This, however, you cannot do. With the instinct of the trickster, with the low cunning born of self-bounded ambition, you are already preparing to betray the men whom you are professing to honor. Already you are paving the way by which you hope and expect to gain advantage from their counsels and at the same time repay their devotion with malevolent injury. You expect, not only to make your counselors minister to your selfish ambition, but also hope

to destroy the future prospects of those who shall help to build your fame. Such is the record of your past life; such unquestionably your present purpose. You hope to make them responsible for your errors, and to take to yourself credit for their wisdom.

One of the few political ideas which have effected a permanent lodgment in your mind, perhaps from that very fact you fondly imagine to be original, is set forth in your quaintly phrased and curiously incorrect statement that the office of president is "essentially executive." Outside of your equivocal utterances with regard to civil service and one or two platitudes in regard to reform, it is the sole public utterance you have made indicating that you ever gave a moment's thought to any national question. This fact, together with the quaint irrelevancy of its context and the curiously indefinite profession of political faith that preceded it, attracted to this trite remark an attention which you probably never expected it to receive. Your political associates, glad indeed to find such an unexpected opportunity, seized upon it at once and paraded it before the eyes of the wondering people as evidence of your remarkable wisdom and originality. Your opponents, amazed at the intellectual barrenness, political ignorance and constitutional timidity which your long-considered letter of acceptance displayed, could only laugh at the trite and insignificant phrase which, if it meant anything, was as little comprehended by others as by yourself. It is hardly strange that the people were astonished. Your political associates seemed to regard it as a new revelation. Looked upon it as the

one single declaration of an unknown political prophet after forty days' sojourn in the wilderness. It seemed no doubt like the announcement of a new and radical political theory. There was something vague and portentous in the idea of a man announcing as the great all-important conclusion of his meditation that the office of president was purely executive.

The prominence thus given to a phrase which you no doubt used simply for the lack of something better, has led you to regard it as an actual political discovery, and your inherent inclination to avoid responsibility and shirk exertion has led you to imagine by means of it you might escape many of the difficulties of your new position. In accordance with this curious idea you have formed a settled and ingenious plan by which you expect to cast the odium of unpopular and unsuccessful measures, if need be, upon the various members of your cabinet, reserving to yourself the opportunity to profit by their sagacity. In accordance with this plan, it is your purpose to reiterate upon all occasions the purely executive character of your office and professedly to exalt the power and dignity of the heads of the various departments of the government. Apparently you are to proclaim yourself merely the executive head of a council of ministers on whose shoulders alone rest the responsibilities for deciding political questions. If any accepted line of policy miscarries, you think it will be easy to shift the responsibility for failures upon the shoulders of one or more of your counselors. If success attends the measures adopted, you fancy it will be an equally simple task to arrogate to yourself not only

the merit of having chosen wise ministers, but of having inspired, controlled and directed their deliberations. The idea is not a bad one for a man of your moral and intellectual characteristics, in the situation in which you are placed. But unfortunately for your hopes and your fame ministerial responsibility has no place in the constitution; still less is it recognized in that governmental system which has grown up outside constitutional professions until it has become the real national organism.

It is one of the peculiarities of our anomalous American system, that he who is apparently at the head of our government is, in truth, the very least of those who are its actual co-ordinate rulers. In this respect the molding influence of time and growth are easily apparent.

It was no doubt the intention of the fathers to invest in the so-called executive head of the nation not only the abstract power, but the actual duty of shaping and directing the policy of the government in regard both to its foreign policy and domestic economy. Instead of being the mere executive heads of a privy council, the cabinet ministers were, as they still are in the eyes of the law, mere executive agents of his discretion. Upon him it was intended that all responsibility should rest, and he alone was made competent to communicate with and advise the legislative branch of the government. This relation has been somewhat relaxed by custom, though the cabinet officers are still the mere creatures of the president's will and are in no sense responsible for the policy or character of the administration.

While the heads of the various departments have grown somewhat in relative importance, the responsibility resting upon the president has increased rather than diminished. In the early days of the republic such a thing as a party, in our modern acceptance of the term was unknown. When this idea was finally developed and became the great distinctive feature of our governmental organization, the office of president lost the complexion which the framers of the constitution sought to confer upon it, and instead of being executive, became merely *executory* in character. A change in the presidency became of comparatively little moment unless it resulted from a change in party ascendency. The direction of national affairs shifted from one extreme of political thought to another, not with the change of president or cabinet, but only with the rise and fall of party power. Owing to this fact the president became not merely the executive head of the nation, but the recognized official exponent of the doctrines and policy of his party. As such he is chosen, and the original obligation resting upon him to devise and formulate a policy, recognized by a custom as old as the government itself, is now transformed into a duty to expound and carry into effect the policy of his party.

It is not to be supposed that you have yet noted this fact. Your mind is not one that readily detects the operation of cause and effect, or marks the difference between variant classes of phenomena. It required considerable more than an ordinary lifetime to enable you clearly to grasp or satisfactorily formulate the idea

that the office was intended to be "purely executive," and it would be unjust to such a nature to expect it yet to have mastered the fact that, during those very years, the formative forces of our republic had insensibly but surely changed the termination of the descriptive adjective. Indeed, it is by no means certain that you have ever noted an actual difference in signification between the two classes of derivatives from the root execute. Such, however, unquestionably these are. Executive capacity is the power to carry into effect the ideas or policy of the individual himself; but an executory position is one in which the incumbent is required only to perform the will of another. The same distinction extends also to the substantive derivatives, executive here retaining its adjectival force, and executor and executioner having the contrasted signification. Your legal training may perhaps illustrate this fact in regard to the former of these terms, and your experience in the latter capacity ought certainly to have called it to your attention.

The fact that the office of president, though never "essentially executive," nor ever intended so to be, has thus been gradually changing its character since the time when the father of his country, with his entire cabinet in his train, attended the opening of congress and scolded the representatives of the people face to face, as if he actually occupied a higher plane in the governmental system, by making its occupant the simple recorder and executor of the will of a party expressed at the polls, may seem at first sight to be somewhat derogatory to the incumbent. Such, however, is not the case,

since the very fact of his selection is supposed to imply a special grasp of the principles of his party as well as a peculiar capacity for leadership, of which there can be no higher test than the direction and control of a great party. In your case both of these elements are lacking, but you must not suppose that this fact will relieve you from the responsibility which rests upon the incumbent of this great office or the nominal head of a great party. Do not imagine that any such silly speculations as your random declaration in regard to the character of the presidential office will be accounted statesmanship when no election is impending, or that you will be able to shift the odium of failure upon others and retain for yourself the credit of success by any shallow device regarding ministerial responsibility. Unfortunately, both for yourself and the nation, the man who is chosen to the office of president is not allowed to put in a substitute, except by surrendering himself to the direction and control of another and stronger nature. Unfortunately your will is on a par with your knowledge of statecraft, and both are more notable than your patriotism. So that the country's only hope lies not so much in your capacity or inclination to do good or repress evil as in that magnificent inertia which inclines you always to do nothing. If you can manage to resist the solicitations of your political creator, refuse to do anything yourself, and prevent your cabinet from attempting anything more important than the exhumation of republican mistakes and the prudent use of patronage under a system of well-

regulated rewards and punishments, you will probably avoid doing the country harm enough to render your memory infamous, and secure your party at least another term of power. Respectfully, SIVA.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1885.

No. XIV.

TRISTAM L'HERMITE.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—There is something very strange in the almost universal repulsion which mankind feels for one who has with his own hands performed the functions of the public executioner. It does not, of course, arise from any feeling of antipathy for the shedder of blood, since the successful soldier is sure to be the popular idol. There is something, however, in the thought of being the agent by which the sovereign power avenges itself upon the guiltiest offenders which sends a thrill of horror through the most apathetic of mortals. It is hard to say why it should not be accounted a commendable and praiseworthy act. Of course the sentence of the law must be executed, and that officer who performs an unpleasant duty would seem to deserve the commendation rather than the execration of his fellows. Perhaps it is the terror which the willing instrument of tyranny inspired in that ruthless past when death was as often the reward of rashness as of crime. Inherited prejudices not unfrequently remain long after the reason for their existence has ceased. I should be inclined to account for such a feeling of aversion upon my own part by the story that has come down from sire to son for generations, of one who died upon the scaffold for devotion to his king. Perhaps he merited

his doom not less richly than the king, his master. But the feeling is too general to be attributed to any such exceptional cause. The judge who sentences the culprit, the jury who find him guilty, the turnkey who is the agent of his confinement until the day of execution, none of these share in any considerable degree the peculiar nameless infamy that rests upon the individual who pulls the trigger or cuts the rope when the blinded and manacled victim takes the last terrible leap into the darkness of eternity.

I have seen men killed. Perchance I may even have been the cause of death myself. I know I have grasped heartily and warmly hands on which the blood of innocent men slain in mortal combat undoubtedly rested. Yet I felt no aversion to their society, and in many instances regarded myself honored by their friendship. Yet somehow, think of it as I will, reason about it as I may, try to my utmost to blot it from my mind as a false unreasoning prejudice, I cannot but admit that I would rather no friend of mine should ever perform this most unpleasant task. In other countries this officer of the law is considered an outcast while oftentimes his victims are honored with popular reverence.

Perhaps no monarch is regarded with more intense and bitter scorn by all who have read the story of his life than that able but singularly debased Louis of France, who made his headsman his prime minister and for the first time in history, perhaps, conferred upon a public executioner the highest "essentially executive" office of the realm. There is a story which the world counts almost too terrible for belief that one

of the fierce fanatic leaders of the French revolution had some experience in the same ghastly business, and in the midst of that wild tide of frenzy used sometimes to seek recreation in disguise in the exercise of his former profession. This story is not well authenticated, and may perhaps be regarded as the invention of some malign historian.

In our own country public sentiment has been so generally averse to honoring this instrument of the law's authority that I believe you are not only the first instance in which such an one has been elevated to the chief magistracy of the nation, but probably the first who has ever exercised this very necessary function to citizenship, and afterwards been made the executive head of any of the states or a member of either house of congress. There are a few cases in which one has been elected a member of a state legislature; but it is believed that even those for whom this questionable fate has been reserved have been very few.

Perhaps the chief reason for this lies in the fact that very few men of aspiring character and statesmanlike ability—especially few who have reached the mature age at which you first consented to perform this revolting task—have been willing to hold a position in which they might be required to discharge a duty so abhorrent to the common instincts of humanity. Or if they did hold the position, shrunk from performing it with their own hands, employing instead, some hardened and degraded outcast, who, for a trivial consideration, was willing to lend his hand for the horrible work. There have been over-sensitive souls among us who

have laid down the office which they held rather than be present, and even by the hands of another to discharge so hateful a duty.

No doubt the course which you pursued was much more sensible. By doing the work yourself you showed a readiness to discharge the functions of an office "essentially executive in its character," however distasteful they might be to your feelings or abhorrent to the general sentiment of mankind. It showed, too, a thrifty regard for the public purse which ought not to be lost sight of in estimating your fitness for the administration of public funds and the economical organization of the public service. By undertaking this disgusting labor you not only performed your legal duty to the very letter, but saved the expense of a hired hangman—not to the county, but to yourself. This strict regard for the performance of public duty would furnish an edifying example to future ages, and no doubt be regarded as in some sort a guaranty of a like scrupulous care in the discharge of the higher and pleasanter functions which the presidency of the United States will devolve upon you, were it not for the peculiar flavor of parsimony which clings about even this lugubrious act, and the marked and notable contrast which it affords to your own conduct when called upon by the law of the land to perform the honorable, though dangerous, duty of a soldier. I suppose a hired executioner would have cost less than even the felon-substitute who represented you in the ranks of the nation's defenders. But I cannot deny that to one of your temperament the impulse to secure the one must have been much greater than

the incentive to employ the other. It seems to me that the two acts are entirely harmonious in their character and tend very strongly to elucidate and confirm the view which I have taken of your moral and intellectual characteristics. I hope I may be pardoned if I go farther and say that this official act seems to me to shed some light upon your use of a political maxim which the country hitherto has found it somewhat difficult to apprehend. You will remember that on the most important occasion in your life you declared, almost in a breath, your substantial harmony with the political views of the democratic party, and your deliberate conviction that a "public office is a public trust." It is true that this latter phrase had by no means the merit of originality. In fact it is what those of our profession are wont to denominate "horn-book law." Perhaps hardly any noted jurist, since the days of Cicero at least, has ever thought of regarding a duty imposed by public authority as anything else than a public trust, meaning by that phrase a trust imposed upon a citizen for the public benefit. Because of your "smiling and unforced assent" to the recognized principles and practices of the democratic party at the very instant of making this declaration, however, it has been surmised that it bore a somewhat modified signification to your mind. It has even been intimated that you intended in this instance to speak with strict professional accuracy, recognizing the fact that a trust presumes three distinct essentials—a trustor, a trustee, and one for whose benefit the trust is created. Now, while there is no

question between parties or individuals in regard to the first two of these elements of the public trust, as embraced within the purlieu of a public office, there is room for very great diversity of opinion in regard to the proper and rightful *cestui que trust.* While a trust in some cases may be properly and rightfully created for the contingent or ultimate behoof of the trustee, yet it would be the height of absurdity for one to be made for the benefit of the trustor. Though there is perhaps no absolute legal obstacle to the creation of such a trust, yet it would be so inconsistent with the ordinary course of business, and the natural inclination of the human mind, that it might even be held to be *contra bonos mores.* With this in mind, and remembering your inherent moral characteristics, it has been intimated that while regarding a public office as a public trust, you have been not averse to accepting the time-honored democratic principle that it is a trust created, not for the benefit of the trustor—the too confiding public—but for the direct and especial emolument of the trustee, and the ultimate advantage of the party to which he belongs, and to whose favor he owes the privilege of administering the said trust. It has occurred to me that the thrifty readiness with which you took upon yourself the functions and emoluments of the common hangman at the mature age of thirty-five or thereabouts, may serve to confirm this view of the interpretation which you place upon this time-honored maxim.

The opportunity is presented to you, sir, to assist in overturning two very silly and no doubt unfounded

prejudices. It was your fortune to be nominated for the exalted position which you are about to occupy upon a Friday. Considering your peculiar relation to the rites which are ordinarily performed upon that day, this was, to say the least, a little peculiar. Not only this, but you are probably the only man who has ever been called upon to discharge both the functions of a hangman and of chief ruler of a great nation. Certainly you are the first of whom we have any record, who, after securing a well-earned reputation for neatness and despatch in discharge of the lesser function, has been called by the voice of a free people to perform the greater. You are not, however, by any means the first man who, called with high hopes to be the executive head of a nation has proved himself to be the executioner of a party. It is devoutly to be hoped that your experience in that office which so lately filled the measure of your hopes and aspiration, may not be without value to yourself and the country in the performance of your new duties and especially in overthrowing the superstitious prejudices which cling around the headsman and his task and even give the flavor of ill-luck to the day which is consecrated to the performance of his duties.

Respectfully,

NEW YORK, February 23, 1885. SIVA.

No. XV.

WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT?

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—In answer to the question "Who will be president?" you are reported to have replied, somewhat tartly, "Grover Cleveland." It would, perhaps, have been as well if you had adopted the jocose language of Mr. Lincoln, who, as the story goes, once said that he hoped to have "some influence with the administration" during his second term, or the prudence of Mr. Edmunds, who casually announced to the assembled senate and house, that you "appear" to have been elected. The truth is that no man can be president except by and with the advice of some great political party. Of this party he must be either the head or the tail. He must command it as a leader or obey it as a servant. This naturally results from the antecedent relation between them. A man is nominated as the exponent of the principles and policy of the party, and while no one supposes that as an official he is required to place the interests of the party above the welfare of the country or above his own convictions of right, yet his acceptance of the nomination is a pledge which no honorable man can avoid, that in the performance of his official duty he will act in harmony with the party he represents, and shape his administration in conformity with its principles and practices. It

is true that circumstances quite overlooked at the time of the nomination may occur which may compel a man of honor and conscience to separate himself from his party and endeavor to establish a policy entirely at variance with its basis principles and in conflict with its general sentiment.

There are not wanting in our later political history examples of men who have attempted to ignore the claims of party in the position you are about to occupy, and sought to administer the office according to their own personal notions and ideas. Usually they have been men more distinguished for obstinacy and caprice than for sagacity and power. Indeed there are in all history few more forcible illustrations of the maxim that "the stubborn man is always a weak one," than these attempts at presidential independence of party afford. It has come to be regarded as an undeniable fact by all careful observers of our political history that a president who puts himself without the pale of his party's favor and support becomes thereby the most lonesome and powerless of men. He may indeed hinder and obstruct his enemy, but he is powerless to aid his friends. To this it is possible that there may be two exceptions, to wit: A man that is willing to swing across the gulf that divides his party from its opponents, and fortunate enough to carry with him sufficient strength to make a working majority, or an executive who is strong enough and popular enough to cut loose from all existing organizations and build up a new and independent party about himself. A man who was able to accomplish either of these remarkable

feats has never yet appeared in our history. Thus far the modern party has proved itself mightier than any man can hope to become.

Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson are notable instances of the failure of such attempts. Each of these conceived the idea that he could administer the government without his party's co-operation or advice. With two of these the result was that the president dragged the party down with him. In the other instance the aspirant for independent sovereignty only succeeded in burying himself. Polk and Pierce are instances in which weak men have quietly yielded to the inevitable and submissively obeyed the party which they had not power enough to lead. Buchanan believed himself the head of a party whose factions he by turns bullied and obeyed. Under republican rule the president has generally been the actual head of the party because of thorough sympathy with its principles and purposes. Mr. Hayes, the only exception to this rule, was so terrified by the uncertainties attending the commencement of his term that his chief anxiety seemed to be to secure its peaceful conclusion. Until the very closing days of his official life, therefore, he seemed much more desirous of conciliating his enemies than of encouraging his friends.

There is nothing in your character or antecedents to lead any reasonable man to suppose that you will attempt to prove yourself an exception to this rule. Independent self-achievement has not been a noticeable feature of your life. You have been the instrument by which others have achieved success, rather than the

architect of your own fortune. Had not the ambition and skill of another—a real though unassuming master of the politician's art—chained you to the chariot-wheel of democratic success, you are well aware that, instead of being on your triumphal way to the white house, you would now be enjoying the undisturbed seclusion of bachelor quarters in a business block in Buffalo. The form of power is quite sufficient for you. As governor of the state of New York, it is very well known that, despite your boastful assertion of independence, you have been the most timorous and obsequious of subservient figure-heads. One whose ambition is wise enough to prefer the substance of power to the semblance of authority has dominated your intellect, controlled your volition and made you a half-unconscious puppet. You naturally look to this shrewd and sagacious man—this born prime minister—to take you creditably through the difficult part that has fallen to your lot. Whoever may compose your cabinet, he will be the counselor on whom you will rely. All that you will ask is that he should allow you to potter over insignificant details, whimperingly relate to those who care to listen the tribulations of your official state, and so preserve to the careless onlooker the precious fiction of actual power.

This man—the alter ego in whose favor you have abdicated your own individuality—may be said in one sense to represent the best, and in another the worst, phases of the party who has placed you in power. He represents its worst aspect in that his sole idea of statesmanship is the perpetuation of democratic as-

cendency. He represents its best features in that he would achieve this purpose with the least possible detriment to the public, as little violation of private right and as little infrequent use of improper methods as is consistent with the absolute certainty of accomplishment. As a politician he is built upon the model of Mr. Van Buren, without Mr. Van Buren's lust of personal aggrandizement. He loves power for its own sake, but despises the tawdry shackles which rest upon the shoulders of those who only seem to rule. He is fond of chestnuts, but heedful of his own fingers. The tie between you is one of mutual obligation. The player needs a puppet just as much as the puppet needs a player.

But this man, shrewd and resolute as he is, will not be the president. There is a power greater than he to which he will yield, because he is bold and sagacious, and which you will serve because without its aid you are more helpless and vulnerable than a lobster without its shell. To him this power is essential because it represents the possibility, almost the certainty, of success. To you it is essential because it offers a shield from annoyance, a relief from responsibility, and a possible refuge from the haunting fear of failure. This power is the controlling element of the democratic party. It is that vital sore which is fused to redness by intense hostility to those things which have constituted the excellence and glory of the republican party. It embraces practically every element from whom national humiliation and disaster have come in the past, and who have stubbornly opposed all those things that

have added luster to the name of the republic. It numbers among its adherents all those who resisted every movement designed for the repression of slavery; who sustained the cause of the confederacy with bullets in the front of our armies and with ballots in the rear; who opposed by every possible means the emancipation of the slave and the enfranchisement of the freedman; who by violence and fraud rendered null and void the political privileges guaranteed by constitutional amendment, without regard to "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." It includes all those who favored the severance of the republic in twain; who appealed to arms against the decision of the legal tribunal of the land; who made necessary the public debt which has burdened even our prosperity; who devastated the land with war, paralyzed its industries, drove our commerce from the seas, and shed the blood of a million of our best and bravest. It embraces all those who, after the close of the war, appealed to midnight murder—organized violence and unblushing fraud to overwhelm the voice of the majority as well as those who justified assassination, offered excuse for fraud, and have profited by the results. It embraces all those who still assert that the government of the United States and of its various constituent republics must and shall forever remain a "white man's government," and that no man having within his veins a trace of African blood shall exercise or enjoy any political right or privilege except it be by the grace and favor of his white fellow citizen, and then only so long and so far as it shall be exercised and enjoyed in conformity with

the will and pleasure and under the direction and control of the white man. Its essential nucleus is made up of those elements which plotted to weaken the power and impair the credit of the government in order that treason might divide and destroy it. It is headed by men whose highest claim to leadership is the courage, skill and fortitude displayed in the attempt to destroy; whose patriotism is avouched by the fact that they actively assailed or secretly abandoned the nation in her hour of peril; whose statesmanship is demonstrated only by unrelenting hostility to the extension of liberty and the establishment of civil and political equality. The capacity of this element for the direction and control of a self-governing community is chiefly attested by the poverty and ignorance of the region which has been exclusively under their control. Their claim to superiority in statesmanlike qualities rests ultimately upon the fact that, with all the advantages of which it boasts, the south excels the north only in showing ten times the illiteracy among its natives, and one fifth the average productive capacity among its people.

Outside of this glowing, animated core cling some thousand of bewildered voters, attracted by its intensity, but partaking only in the least degree, if at all, of its characteristics. They are of the most diverse and incongruous character—old-time abolitionists, who join hands with the freedman's oppressors; prohibitionists who ally themselves with the party that counts the rum-seller its most reliable worker; civil-service reformers who appeal to the followers of the prophet of spoils for aid. Arrogance, revenge, and a vague yearn-

ing for perfectibility are among the motives that actuate them. They remind the observer of bits of soft iron fragments clinging to a magnet, adding, indeed, greatly to its bulk and weight, but nothing to its power. Whenever the core which they conceal loses its vague and undefined attraction, or they shall be swept within the range of a more potential influence, they will drop away like insignificant atoms and add their bulk to the array of hostile forces.

All of this your trusted monitor understands, and I believe even you vaguely comprehend its truth. None, however, so thoroughly realize their power and your dependence as those who constitute the central, fiery heart of the democratic body. The old pro-slavery, ex-confederate element of the democracy fully understand and apprehend the advantage offered by the present status of affairs.

In all the qualities which assure political success this element stands unrivaled in the history of our government. Not only is it rendered thoroughly homogeneous by a common purpose, but nothing threatens even remotely to impair its harmony. From first to last it is composed of men who shrink from no responsibility. Not merely its leaders but its rank and file are men who know no doubt. They are affected by no scruples. They are swayed by no sentimental consideration for the rights of others. Whatever comports with their own ideas of interest or policy they will have no hesitation in forcing upon the country by any means that may be in their power. In boldness, audacity, and singleness of purpose they cannot be excelled. In

numbers they may be said to embrace the entire white race south of Pennsylvania and Ohio. To them patriotism and policy mean the interest of the south first and of the country afterward. They are no longer rebels or traitors. They have no desire to dismember or destroy the government. They fully appreciate the fact that it is a better thing to control the whole country than to possess a part of it. They have not the least desire to impair the national prosperity, but only to make its prosperity tributary to southern interest and southern ascendency.

This element believes devoutly in itself, its capacity to rule and in the ultimate triumph of the ideas which it represents. It is honestly glad that the confederacy was overthrown, because in the events succeeding its downfall they clearly perceive their own unrivaled opportunity. They are proud of the genius of government, the fortitude and daring which they have displayed and the astounding success which has attended their later efforts. It is no wonder they look with contempt upon the manhood of the north and despise a people who threw away the fruits of victory and allowed a conquered enemy to gain by audacity and fraud even more than they hoped to win by force of arms. It is no wonder that they are proud of their achievements. Within a generation they have seen themselves defying the power of the nation; appealing to the arbitrament of the sword; prostrated and humiliated by defeat; and now again victorious—controllers and arbiters of the nation's destiny. It is no wonder that they look with exultation upon their past,

and regard with equanimity the employment of whatever means may be necessary to perpetuate their power. This element is and must continue for at least a generation to be the controlling and dominating influence in the councils of the democracy. This element will be the president.

To them your success is only an opportunity. For you, as the representative of the democratic party of the north, they have little regard. For you individually they can only feel contempt. They are positive in all things. You are neutral in everything. They pride themselves first on their courage. Their achievements in war they count the highest attestation of their manhood. These bronzed and mutilated veterans, the arrogant and dominating leaders of your party, bearing about in their persons even yet the leaden testimonials of devotion to a doomed and failing cause, cannot but regard with scorn the man who sat by his lonely fireside and waited indifferently while the storm of war swept over the land. They were rebels, it is true, but heroes. On this they rest their justification and base their pride. When you seek to control them by persuasion, they will point you to the one hundred and fifty-eight electoral votes which they stand ready to deliver to the democratic party every four years for an indefinite period with the same certainty and reliability that marks the recurrence of the sunrise. They will call to your mind the fact that without them the democratic party is an impotent shadow, unable to command strength enough to sustain even a hope of victory within the life of the child that

was born yesterday. Should you dare to threaten, these men will proudly remind you of the fact that they climbed the slopes of Gettysburg, that they laughed amid the terrors of the Wilderness, and with attenuated lines held at bay month after month the combined powers of the nation in front of Petersburg. They will tell you, and tell you to your face, that since the surrender at Appomattox, after the establishment of the nation's power throughout the once rebellious territory, they have taken their lives in their hands, have defied a victorious enemy and the law of the land, making themselves accessories before the fact in wholesale slaughter to secure democratic supremacy in those states from which three-fourths of your electoral strength has come. They will tell you that they did these things in support of what they deemed southern rights, for the establishment and defense of southern principles, and the maintenance of southern interests. They will make you feel, sir, that evil as may have been their lives, dangerous as may have been their antecedents, questionable as is their right to rule, that no man who shrank and cowered by the glowing grate in his bachelor quarters, while swords flashed and trumpets clanged, can presume to rebuke or resist them. They are men who have dared and suffered too much in order to secure their present opportunity to be balked of their will by the peevish whinings of a dull-witted, self-pitying poltroon. They will be president.

They know their power. They do not have to wait even for the formality of an election in order to ascertain and declare their strength. The "solid south,"

the undivided and indivisible electoral potency of sixteen states stands behind them to enforce their demand. With them are the issues of life and death. They can kill and make alive. They have little to ask in the way of power and much to give. They know and despise the mercenary weakness of their northern allies. They know that the cohesive power of public plunder, rather than belief in distinctive principles or aspirations for the public good, controls the major part of those to whose co-operation they look to supplement their strength and secure a continuance of democratic ascendency. They know that whatever you or your counselors may desire, the democratic party of the north will stand by them in any demands they may make. They know that the hope of democratic victory in all but one of the states of the north depends upon the maintenance of democratic ascendency in the nation. Their allies of the north have everything to win by securing their co-operation, while the democracy of the south has hardly anything to lose by national defeat.

They are splendid diplomats, as well as magnificent soldiers, these bourbon leaders of the south. They are not easily affected by the mere hope of personal gain. The temptation of political preferment and pecuniary advantage, dangled before their eyes for years by the republican party, was not sufficient to induce any considerable number to renounce the ideas to which they stood committed and the cause in whose triumph they have never ceased to believe. They are not indifferent to the advantages to be derived from the

control of national power and material resources, but you will learn to admit, sir, that, unlike your northern associates, their minds are not fixed with frenzied greed upon mere personal opportunities. They laugh at such petty ambition. Their aspiration is higher. Their demand is greater. They seek to make the prosperity of the north tributary to the advantage and power of the south. The mouths of the Mississippi—poor dumb mouths though they be—cry like the daughter of the horse-leech for more. Coasts and bays and inlets yearn for bountiful improvements. Nature has been lavish in providing them with ports and harbors. Where none have been created, they naturally yearn that havens should be made. They are not ashamed to plead poverty—these reckless partisans who have wrested victory from defeat. They are ready to allege the impoverishment of war in support of their demand for national charity. They are ready to make the freedman's weakness and ignorance the excuse for alms from the national treasury, two thirds of which would go to the support of white schools.

This element holds the key of the political situation. It says to the democracy of the north, "Give us forty-odd votes only, and your power shall be continued indefinitely." They have no fear of public opinion. They scorn the sentimentality which pays worship to their chivalry. They are practical statesmen of the most efficient type. They believe that a democratic administration can easily secure the narrow margin of electoral votes necessary to perpetuate its power. They know that the democratic party of the north believes

this also, and desires it to be done. They know you will learn very speedily that any democratic president who seeks to foil their wishes, limit or restrain their desires, will find himself as powerless as an infant and as hopeless as they who enter the confines of Gehenna.

Before boasting, then, of your intention to control your administration, it would be well for you to recall your favorite aphorism, "The stream cannot rise above its source." You know you solemnly declared during the campaign that this was a physical and moral truth that admitted of no exception. Apply it now to your own case, remembering that *you* are not the source of power nor even the stream, but only the spigot through which it drips or splutters according to its head. The source of the power of which you will be the orifice of distribution is the democratic party. Its true level is that of the southern bourbon element, which constitutes its chief strength. Whether the stream will rise to the level of the fountain can only be ascertained by determining the true elevation of supply and comparing this with your moral altitude.

Yours respectfully,

SIVA.

NEW YORK, February 25, 1885.

No. XVI.

MOVING IN.

To Grover Cleveland, President-Elect:

My Dear Sir,—The end has come. In your opinion the dream of destiny is complete. You have reached, as you fondly imagine, the highest round upon the ladder of fame, and have henceforth only to maintain your balance at this dizzy elevation until one comes to relieve you. To-day your name will be enrolled in that brilliant category of men whom the American nation have chosen to exercise its power, maintain its dignity, and secure its prosperity. No monarchy was ever able to point to a line of sovereigns so uniformly capable and patriotic. They have not all been equally worthy, but taken as a whole they have established beyond question the fact that a self-governing people in selecting their temporary rulers very rarely make mistakes. By far the greater portion of them have been men to whom this signal preferment has come as the recognition and reward of great achievement. Some of them like yourself, though in a far less degree, have been apparently creatures of accident. In a few instances they were comparatively unknown until their nomination inspired inquiry into their previous record. Only once before, however, or possibly twice, has one been elevated to the presidency who had not theretofore served in one or both houses of congress or won

distinction on the field of battle. Although we have been a peaceful nation, priding ourselves upon recognizing civic merit rather than yielding to the glamour of military glory, it is a singular fact that among those who have been chosen to that office hitherto, there are but two who had not at some period of their careers offered their lives for the national defense or had a price set upon their heads as pestilent enemies of his majesty, the king of England. Of the earlier presidents, Washington, Madison and Monroe were soldiers of the revolution. Jefferson and the elder Adams being members of the continental congress and the executive council, were practically military commanders and enjoyed the distinguished honor of having a price set upon their heads. Jackson was the foremost military hero of his day. Harrison owed his election to the courage and ability he had displayed in several Indian campaigns. Polk saw service in the Creek war. The laurels of Mexico were fresh upon the brow of Taylor. Pierce had won distinction upon the same fields. Buchanan was a volunteer of the war of 1812. Lincoln was a captain in the Black Hawk war. To the generalship of Grant you owe the fact that you are permitted to assume the presidency of an undivided nation. Mr. Hayes not only served with credit in the war to preserve the Union, but avouched his patriotism with his blood. Garfield placed his fame above the possibility of eclipse when he brought Thomas' succoring legions upon the field at Chickamauga.

Of the two exceptions to this rule, the younger Adams may well be held excusable. But nine years

old at the outbreak of the revolution, before he was twelve he shared his father's peril in running the gauntlet of British cruisers with a price upon his head upon an embassy to France. When the war of 1812 came on he was already our ambassador at St. Petersburg. Though he never performed, nor, so far I am aware, offered to perform, a soldier's duty, there can be no doubt that had opportunity offered for serving his country in such capacity neither private interest nor personal inclination would have prevented him from doing so.

Of the other I speak with some hesitancy. I do not find the fact related in the fragmentary history of his eventful life, but I seem to remember hearing the "Warwick of New York" declare in palliation of his shortcomings that Martin Van Buren at one time volunteered in the service of his country. I mention it with hesitation, and am glad to give to him the benefit of the doubt. If it should be that in this charitable conclusion I am in error, it will be a singular fact that the only presidents who can be fairly said to have neglected such opportunity to serve the country, as well as the only ones who deliberately and purposely shirked such service, have both hailed from the state of New York. It is a distinction which the Empire state could well afford to forego. The few exceptions to this rule prove conclusively that the American people have always counted courage and patriotism as the first and most essential qualifications for the headship of the nation.

Not only is this true, but almost every one who has

occupied that official residence, so fitly named the white house, since first Mrs. Abigail Adams put up her clothes-line and hung the family washing to dry in the "great unfurnished audience-room," has been a man whose private worth and domestic character fairly entitled him to be cited as an exemplar in any American home. Ah, there have been many sweet domestic scenes enacted within that rambling structure around which centers the pride of the American people! A blameless life the rugged New England patriot led there with the wise and tender Abigail to whom I have referred. It is a pleasant thing to recall the heroism of that quaint compound of Virginia aristocrat and Philadelphia Quaker, standing beside her husband while the cannon boomed at Bladensburg, assisting James Madison to collect and secrete his papers, and then hastening and sharing his flight not a moment too soon to escape capture by the British grenadiers. The hero of New Orleans entered the portals of "that great palace," whose gloom his Rachel dreaded, with head bowed in sorrow from that recent bereavement which closed the sad story of his romantic love. In more recent years the tender domestic life of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield has hallowed its pleasant rooms and left a store of pretty childish traditions clinging in its nooks and crannies.

Here, too, have been held many notable conclaves on which the fate of the nation has ofttimes depended, and the fragrance of the most exalted patriotism hallows corridor and chamber. It was the central scene of our nation's greatest tragedy. In every crisis of the

war it was the fountain from which flowed hope and faith and courage. The tradition of the great liberator's presence is more vivid and pervading than that of any other of its occupants. Here was held the memorable council which passed upon the immortal proclamation submitted to his ministers in the handwriting of its great author. Here the generals who commanded our armies were wont to come for counsel, encouragement, and moral strength from the wise and patient man who cared nothing for the paraphernalia of rank or power, who dreamed not of ease or comfort or renown, but lived only for the nation's good and the uplifting of humanity. Here Garfield "languishing did live" through the terrible days while the hushed heart of the nation poured forth perpetual prayer that he might not perish.

Across its threshold one can hardly pass without the most profound and tender emotions. It is the sanctuary around which cluster the nation's holiest memories. Its traditions should inspire in the dullest nature a self-forgetful devotion to the interests of the nation and the universal good of humanity. If one might only believe that these solemn memories would touch your heart, inspire your life, and make you indeed a man of destiny, the nation might well rejoice. Unfortunately for such aspiration, with you enters not only the past, which has stamped itself ineffaceably upon your nature, but also that arrogant and reckless power to which you owe your elevation, and which holds a mortgage on your future. The man who enters to-day the nation's holy of holies and undertakes the molding

of a people's fate and perhaps an age's destiny, is the same man who stood coolly by while the nation's life hung trembling in the balance, doing no act and speaking no word for her deliverance. If called upon to choose this day between her safety and his own, between her prosperity and his individual advantage, between her fame and his exaltation, between her life and his life, who shall say which alternative he would accept? Would he, like Captain James Madison, be "the last representative of the government to leave his post," and only depart when the capitol was in the enemy's hands? Would he calm the waves of panic should treason again hurl back the national forces, shattered and dismayed, from another Bull Run? Would he take counsel of his duty or of his destiny should foreign warfare or domestic turmoil demand of him the inspiration of a great example? Would he, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, seek a substitute to represent him should the roar of cannon echo again along the Potomac?

It is not for me to answer these questions. Patriotism and courage are such common virtues that there could be little doubt in ordinary cases. Not one of your predecessors would have flinched. That everybody knows. But then not one of your predecessors had shirked a soldier's duty and scorned a soldier's opportunity. Only your past can prophesy of your future. I sincerely wish that in it I might trace the promise of a worthy and patriotic career. There was a time, my dear sir, when even I had hope. I will even admit that until the very last minute I did not despair. I saw

within your grasp the opportunity for at once acquiring undying and achieving boundless fame without a chance of miscarriage or the possibility of failure. I knew your greed for renown, and hoped you would improve it. I am almost ashamed to confess, now that this hope has failed, that I ever indulged so vain a delusion. I ought to have known you better, or rather to have trusted more fully to the prognosis based upon the essential attributes of your character and the revelations of your past life.

The truth is, that I was the more inclined to hope because of a sudden change you made in the words you were accustomed to use in self-description. Your adoption of the term "destiny" instead of "luck," as you were formerly won't to phrase your idea of the good fortune which came to you without conscious effort or perceptible desert, seemed to me very significant. I thought it argued a juster appreciation of the relations between yourself and others, and seemed almost to imply a recognition of reciprocal duty and obligation. Destiny is unquestionably a better and broader word than luck. It stands upon a higher plane of thought. It is applied to noble natures, higher duties, and more exalted aims. It is inseparably connected with that uncomprehended power which "takes a step and ages have rolled away." Destiny applies only to the acts of the Almighty and to such beings and essences as are great enough to be especial objects of His care or instruments of His will. It may be that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without knowledge of the infinite presence, but neither the sparrow's fall nor the eagle's

fate is sufficient to waken in the human mind the thought of destiny. It is only when nations exult or people mourn, when history writes upon her page the record of some grand achievement, such as the rise or fall of an empire, that the idea of destiny comes instinctively to every mind. In all the world's history there are hardly a dozen names to whom is linked the supreme privilege of being accounted the children of destiny. Every one of these brings to mind at once an epoch in the world's life. They were men whom a child may perceive have flexed the current of human fate for generations, perhaps for centuries. That you should desire to be accounted one of these seemed to me a most natural and praiseworthy aspiration. That you should for a moment suppose you might become a child of destiny without suffering and endeavor, without conceiving greater purposes and doing greater things than other men, never once entered my mind It was only when I saw you pluming yourself upon being a man of destiny as a fact accomplished, that I began to realize how far you were from apprehending the true significance of the term. I shall never fall into such error again. Others may be deceived with the idea that you may yet be stimulated by patriotic devotion to the accomplishment of heroic deeds. Others may believe that you are endowed with that far-reaching, keen, and marvelous appreciation of the needs and welfare of the nation as will impel you to ignore all other considerations and base your action in the exalted position to which you have been chosen, only upon a profound conviction as to

what will conserve the greatest good of the greatest number. As for me, while I shall not be misled by any such specious pretense of disinterestedness, I shall be quite content if from any motive whatever you can be induced to act as if you were really inspired by the motives which the overwhelming charity of the American people stands ready to attribute to you. I am not deceived by the trite declaration that you propose to be the "president neither of the north, of the south, of the east, or of the west." Most unfortunately for all this threadbare aphorism applies to you with singular force and significance.

President of the north you cannot be, because between its life and your own no harmony of aspiration has ever existed. Alike of its perils and its triumphs you have remained a passive and unmoved spectator. Your withers have never been wrung with any thrill of agony in contemplating its distress. Of its one great distinctive moral attribute—an undying and irrepressible love for the welfare of others—your nature has never shown a trace. Of that active benevolence and unbounded charity which stamps our northern life as unique in all the world's history, which will not let the oppressed of any land, and more especially of their own, suffer beneath the whip of injustice for any considerable time, you have never exhibited the faintest appreciation. Of the north you cannot be the president, because your life touches its life only at that infinitesimal point where the circle of your selfhood impinges on its mighty circumference.

You cannot be president of the south, because you

not only do not know its life, but care to know only so much of its true significance as may save you from annoyance and prevent actual rupture betwixt its inherently hostile elements during your official term. Of the east you cannot be president, because you are unable to realize that below the carping, censorious spirit that shows upon the surface is a manhood from which has sprung the freedom, the glory, and the aspiration of the north and the west. To you the east has been no place of light. You have learned no lessons from its history, and have gathered into your personality none of the elements of its greatness.

As for the west—that most wondrous miracle of the world's life, that marvelous force which has spanned in a brief lifetime the mighty distance between barbarism and the forefront of the world's enlightenment—of this realm of infinitely multiplied capabilities, you cannot be the president, because you are as ignorant of its greatness as you are unable to apprehend its significance.

Of the whole, it is possible that you should be president, not merely by induction into your high office, not merely by the sanction of your official oath, not alone by recognition at the hands of those confederated communities which constitute the nation, nor even as the representative in the eyes of the world of the nation's power, but by that "all-hail of the hereafter" which marks the grandest of all success, the harmony betwixt leader and people, betwixt aspiration and accomplishment, betwixt life and fame.

Though you have missed the grandest opportunity

ever offered to one in your position, you may yet achieve an enviable fame by keeping steadily before your mind the fact that your personal renown is inseparable from the common weal. If you strive to do rather than seek to avoid; if you trample under your feet the hopes of faction and party; if you cast to the wind all thought of perpetuating the power of that marvelous organization which seeks to make you its instrument; if you have the manhood to do those things which they desire you not to do—if you dare to balk with inflexible will their greed for public plunder; if you are brave enough to lay bare the iniquities of bourbon usurpation at the south and appeal to the nation to apply an effectual and immediate remedy; if you are willing to stand four years in the glaring focus of democratic hate, to be stretched day after day upon the seven-fold heated gridiron of their scorn, contumely and ridicule; if you dare face the pains of hell for a quadrenniate — if you are brave enough and strong enough and wise enough to do these things, the eternal years of glory which come to those whom destiny has chosen for its own may yet be yours. In that you may be written down in history, not merely as the president of the whole country, nor even as the first president of a reunited land, but as the head and president of a land forevermore inseparable — the forerunner of an era incomparable in the history of the world.

Respectfully,

NEW YORK, March 4, 1885. SIVA.

No. XVII.

TO-MORROW'S MORROW.

To Grover Cleveland, President:

Sir,—The influence of an evil example is so greatly magnified by the accident of success, that I cannot but look with the gravest apprehension upon the effect which your elevation is likely to exert upon the future of our country. Momentous as are the political and economic evils which seem likely to result from the ascendency of the democratic party, dominated and controlled by its southern bourbon element, they are hardly more serious than the debasement of the American ideal which must show itself as a remoter consequence.

There can be no doubt that upon all the questions of human right leading up to, and culminating in the war of rebellion, the republican party was either right or wrong. If it was right, then the democratic party of the *ante-bellum* days, the statesmen of the south, the advocates and apologists of slavery everywhere, were wrong. If the republican party was in the right, then the promoters of rebellion, the leaders and upholders of the confederacy were in the wrong. If the republican party was in the right and the emancipation of the slave and the enfranchisement of the freedman were acts of eternal justice and sound and enlightened policy, then the democratic party, which opposed these acts, was again

in error. If the republican party was right in emancipating the slave and enfranchising the freedman, then that portion of the democratic party who banded themselves together to kill, beat, mutilate and terrify colored voters, until the race was prevented by fear of death from exercising the citizen's prerogative, were guilty of a grievous wrong. If it was right that the slave should be freed and that the freedman should be enfranchised, then they who having seized by violence the power of the majority continued to hold and enjoy the same by fraudulent debasement of the ballot and by manipulation of the laws of the several states, so as to facilitate the repression of free speech and prevent a free expression of the popular will at the polls, were guilty of the most flagrant wrong. If it be wrong to acquire power by murdering those who do not concur with us in political opinion, by terrifying the weak, by defrauding the ignorant, by prostituting the forms of law and falsifying the results of elections, then the democratic party is guilty of the most heinous wrong in profiting by the results of crime and securing national ascendency thereby.

The law which rewards good and punishes evil may well be thought divine, since it springs out of the immutable principle of cause and effect. If we consider its application to be limited to this vale of time, we shall not always find it true of the individual. It does not admit of doubt that "in the corrupted currents of this world," evil not only often escapes visible punishment but builds up exceptional prosperity on the proceeds of crime. When applied to nations, however, the

rule is inexorable. Death never comes to them to interrupt the operation of nature's laws. "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap," is a law from the operation of which no people may escape. To-day may not see its complete fulfillment, but some to-morrow must behold its vindication. No nation can do evil or omit to do right without reaping in the future the scathful harvest of unrighteousness.

Of this truth your election and the ascendency of your party in the national councils are themselves most striking illustrations. Had not the nation failed in its plain duty toward its citizens there could have been no such result. It may have been unwise to have enfranchised the freedman, but when once clothed with the robe of citizenship there can be no doubt about the duty of the nation to protect him in the exercise of its duties and the enjoyment of its privileges. In a free government the debasement of the ballot is the swiftest and surest harbinger of decay. What then shall we anticipate for our country when well nigh a million voters are debarred the exercise of this right and the verdict of the nation falsified thereby?

You are yourself the answer—you and your associates. It was for this very purpose, in part at least, that this unparalleled crime was committed. They who dipped their hands in the blood of thousands of peaceful citizens, in order to deter their fellows from exercising the prerogative of citizenship, did so in the first instance in order that they might usurp the power of the individual states. To this overthrow of established authority by organized assassination the nation

was strangely apathetic. Its people seemed not to recognize the fact either that it was their own sovereignty that was being thus murderously defied or that those who were engaged in this gigantic conspiracy to overthrow the power of the majority in the several states were the very men who within a decade had sought by force of arms a dismemberment of the Union. So the freedman was not protected in his right and the new rebellion was allowed to take its own course and to achieve its immediate purpose almost without rebuke.

Then dawned the day of retribution. No sooner had conspirators usurped the power of the states than they transformed them into forces acting through apparently legitimate channels, by means of the federative character of the republic, for the humiliation and overthrow of that political power which had balked the designs of treason, given liberty to the slave and the ballot to the freedman. Of this conspiracy you are the result—in yourself insignificant enough, but in the facts you typify terrible indeed.

In the eyes of the world democratic ascendency in the nation, secured by the undivided support of those who upheld confederate power, of all who sympathized with rebellion, and by far the larger number of those who sustained the rightfulness and lawfulness of slavery, must mean these things:

> Twenty years from the day the confederacy was overthrown in battle they have secured control of the whole country, of which they then sought to rule only a part.

As this ascendency was secured by the nullification of national law and the suppression of the colored vote throughout the south by avowed terrorism and legalized fraud, it is fair to infer that the nation is willing to abandon the position taken in the enfranchisement of the colored man.

The dominating and controlling element of the party in power being the active supporters of slavery, who received the mental, moral and religious impressions that have shaped their lives from that institution, it is fair to infer that the people of the country consider slavery a better training-school for statesmen than liberty.

The vital element of the party at the head of the government consisting of those persons who won distinction in the confederate service, supported by the entire rebel element of the south and all those who sympathized with rebellion at the north, it is fair to infer that the nation desires to reward treason, considers the overthrow of the confederacy an injustice to the south and esteems the man who fought for its dismemberment more worthy than the man who fought for the preservation of the Union.

As a free people within twenty years from the close of a most exhaustive war and the overthrow of the most formidable and desperate rebellion in history passed by a half-million of

veterans of the struggle and pitched upon a conscript who refused to serve even when drafted, for the highest place within their gift, it is fair to conclude that the American people prefer a conscript who evades a dangerous service demanded of him by the country to a soldier who volunteers to fight her battles for her.

You and they—the unwilling conscript of the north and the arrogant ex-confederates of the south—men steeped to the very lips in all the barbarous notions and baleful influences of slavery, "*appear*" to have been chosen by a free people as the exponents of their sense of justice, the true standard of their patriotic aspiration and the most capable instruments for administering the national authority that American life has produced. Should you be accepted by the future as the legitimate result of the American experiment of government *by the people*, coming generations will learn from your elevation, the ascendency of your party and the restoration of the south to its old position of national domination; that treason is more likely to secure popular approval in the republic than loyalty; that evasion of public duty is the first step toward obtaining the highest political preferment; that obscurity is the surest passport to renown; that non-achievement is the first pre-requisite for the discharge of the highest public functions; that midnight murder and wholesale fraud are the cheapest and most effective methods of obtaining political power, and that all of these elements are essential to the perfection of American manhood,

and constitute the ripest fruit of self-government and the civilization of the nineteenth century. For this result you must assuredly stand, unless you break your bonds and plant yourself upon the very principles which the republican party proclaimed but failed to carry into full effect. I say these things, not as a partisan nor as an enemy, but as one of the many millions whose servant you have become by installation into the highest office in the great republic.

Respectfully, SIVA.

TO THE PRESIDENT.

No. XVIII.

My task is ended; yours begun. I shall not stay to see the end. Death has already entered his caveat against such expectation. I cannot, however, doubt the result. The problem of self-government which God has appointed to be re-solved upon this continent by the American people will be fairly and righteously wrought out for guidance of the after ages. Whether it be achieved by peaceful means, or worked out in blood and tears, it matters little. Charged with the grandest message to humanity that has ever been intrusted to any people; consecrated to the cause of universal liberty by the freely-offered blood of hecatombs of her children, no thoughtful man can doubt that "the Power that hath made and preserves us a nation" will see to it that the republic fulfils her great and manifest destiny.

The fact that a party such as you represent, whose creature you are, and whose instrument you must be, should be able to place in the position you will strive in vain to fill one so notably unprepared for the work of the statesman, so exceptionally barren of worthy achievement, so apparently dead to all appreciation of the public welfare, and so utterly insensible to all patriotic impulses, is a fact well calculated to impair confidence in the ultimate result of the great experi-

ment of self-government by a free people. The triumph of evil is always so marked and striking in the apparently overwhelming and irremediable character of its results, that even the most sanguine lover of truth is apt to forget that though the ratchet-wheel of progress sometimes does not permit the world to move forward as rapidly as we may wish, it never allows it to slip backward. There are periods in history when conscience slumbers and overwrought aspiration becomes dull and feeble.

Such a period is the present. The American people have taken marvelous strides within a generation. They have not only wrought innumerable material miracles, but in self-sacrifice, in devotion to the right and in the uplifting of humanity they have outstripped the wildest dreamer's hopes. Burdens that would have tasked a cycle have been laid upon the shoulders of a generation. The world wonders, and will long wonder at our achievements. No people can be kept always at such a height. The bent bow must relax; the weary brain and overstrained heart must rest. Such an epoch of activity and exaltation is naturally followed by a season of languor and depression. Such a time is always the opportunity of evil. The echoes of the song of deliverance had hardly died away when the murmurings of the wilderness began. Whenever iniquity has been trampled under foot by advancing right, it is sure to spring up again and cumber the pathway of humanity until it is ground to powder under the feet of many generations. No evil is ever eradicated in an hour. Your elevation marks the resuscitation of forces which

the world thought dead. For a time they will again rule the land. It is not a triumph of the principles they represent, nor a legitimate result of self-government. It is merely the unconscious relaxation of overstrained moral fibre—the languid apathy of overwrought patriotism. You were not chosen because of what you have been, what you have done, what you represent, or what you are. The result was obtained only by an ignorance of the essential attributes of your nature, as impenetrable as the veil which conceals the countenance of the false prophet of the desert. It indicates no change of purpose, no moral retrogression, no inclination to abandon the glorious achievements of the last quarter of a century, on the part of the American people. It only means that for a time the land must lie in fallow. Its condition for a season must be that of the barren fig tree—you and your party representing the stimulating agencies which the good gardener will apply.

Already while the words of your official oath are yet upon your lips, ere your presidential life has numbered the minutes of its first hour, the seal of failure has been indelibly stamped upon it. You have made, sir, in your curious career one public declaration which, if it had been followed by consistent action showing your conviction of its truth and a resolute purpose to maintain and uphold the right and rebuke and destroy evil, would in this hour have caused your name to be inscribed beside that of Washington and Lincoln—not a hair's breadth below either—as the third person in the matchless trial of our immortals. It cannot be un-

known to you, for it is common knowledge to all who live in our land, that but for the wholesale and unparalleled ravishment of right, but for the suppression of the voice of the majority in half a dozen states whose electoral power was essential to your elevation, the late president of the senate could not have declared that "Grover Cleveland, of the state of New York," *appeared* "to have been elected president of the United States." You know, because it is universally admitted and your adherents at the south do not deny or wish to deny, that if the national enactment had not been violated, if the guaranties of the constitution had not been set at naught, if individual right had not been universally invaded, if organized violence had not established a reign of terror that paralyzed the action and sealed the mouths of a million voters, if wholesale fraud and iniquity sanctioned and upheld by the forms of law had not debauched the verdict of the ballot-box —if these things had not existed in that part of the nation where slavery garnered its abundant harvest of ignorance and weakness, you would not now be wearing the title of president or placidly enjoying the dream of power.

Your profession, sir, renders it impossible that you should not know that he who benefits by the result of evil deeds stands upon the same moral level with the perpetrator of crime. As the recipient of ravished power you stand upon the necks of those who have been deprived of the freeman's dearest right by a system of organized violence unmatched in the history of murderous conspiracy, and a system of fraud un-

equaled in extent, enormity and the debasement of the forms of law. You stand before the world as the guilty receiver of the freeman's stolen birthright. You know that if it should pass into history as the natural and true resultant of self-government that your election would surely mark the end of our great experiment, that free government must stand before the world thenceforth a confessed failure on American soil. You know, sir,—for your words have proved unmistakably your knowledge—that your election, the ascendency of that party whose creature you have become, is not an exemplification or legitimate result of a government "by the people." You may seek to flatter yourself with the hope that it may be *for* the people. You may endeavor to believe that out of evil your abounding "luck" will bring good to the nation and honor to yourself.

Ah, sir, if you had but lived up to the knowledge which you possessed, if you had but made true the one notable and worthy declaration of your life, if you had but declined to be a participant in the results of crime, if you had but refused to stand before the world as the representative of our American manhood, with the fruits of murder in your hands, if you had hearkened to the blood of unnumbered victims crying out against that conspiracy the fruits of whose crime you now enjoy, if you had cast aside the proffered honor because it was tainted with fraud and refused the laurel of victory because its leaves were smirched with blood, if you had done this, the world at this moment would have been resonant with universal acclaim.

This would have been the birth-hour of a new and unexampled heroism. The ranks of the immortals would have been enlarged, and you, in the heyday of life, would have been enthroned among those whom the ages offer not opportunity fitly to exalt and glorify. Then, indeed, sir, would the nation have known a new birth. The American people would have bowed at your feet in delighted recognition of your exalted worth. All would have rejoiced to have followed your lead and performed your wish. The freedman would have linked your name with Lincoln's in a new anthem of deliverance. His misguided but manly oppressors, rebuked by your exalted virtue, would have forgotten the scorn of the past and striven earnestly to undo the evil they have wrought. Our whole land would have counted itself honored above all other lands by such an act of integrity and patriotism, would have inscribed your name upon the loftiest pinnacle of renown, and to it would have directed their children's eyes through unnumbered ages as the noblest example that the world can offer of unflinching rectitude and exalted virtue. Along with your name would then have been enshrined in every patriotic heart these words which must now remain an ineffaceable brand upon your cheek—a blistering self-portraiture of shame:

"A GOVERNMENT IS NOT BY THE PEOPLE WHEN A RESULT WHICH SHOULD REPRESENT THE INTELLIGENT WILL OF FREE AND THINKING MEN IS DETERMINED BY THE SHAMELESS CORRUPTION OF THEIR SUFFRAGES."

THE END.

The Inter Ocean.

Why it is popular among all Classes of Readers.

In all of its editions THE INTER OCEAN has made so many improvements, and on all party and natural and moral questions the management has taken such high ground, that it is safe to say the paper has gained more friends within the last two years than any other political journal in Chicago. Within the year past it has brought out several special features, notably the "Siva" Letters, the Industrial Letters of Robert P. Porter, the Foreign Letters of William E. Curtis and Theodore Stanton, the Religio-Physiological Contributions of Sidartha, which have given it increased reputation. In intelligent treatment and illustration through maps, diagrams and portraits of wars and army movements, THE INTER OCEAN has always lead its contemporaries, and in handling topics related to the Egyptian war it has been in advance of any other American paper.

The terms to mail subscribers, post-paid, are as follows:

DAILY, including Sunday, per year,	$12 00
DAILY, excluding Sunday, per year,	10 00
WEDNESDAY'S EDITION, with Musical Supplement, per year,	2 00
SATURDAY'S EDITION, sixteen pages, per year,	2 00
SUNDAY'S EDITION, sixteen pages, per year,	2 00
SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION, published on Monday and Thursday, per year,	2 50
WEEKLY EDITION, per year,	1 00

Sample copies sent on application.

THE INTER OCEAN is one of the very best papers published. You always know where to find it, and it has succeeded in attracting to itself some of the best literary minds in the country. It has a head, and usually keeps it. People have confidence in it, whether they agree with it or not, and it is gaining in popularity and circulation every day. Its Saturday and Sunday editions are certainly marvels in their line.—*Kewanee* (Ill.) *Courier.*

THE INTER OCEAN, of Chicago, is, without doubt, the cleanest and most respectable newspaper in Chicago. Neither is it behind any of the other papers in enterprise. It is a good newspaper in every way, always takes an honorable, straightforward course, and is ably edited.—*Austin* (Minn.) *Transcript.*

THE INTER OCEAN is the ablest straight Republican paper in the West, and is standard authority for the party.—*Bolivar* (Mo.) *Herald.*

THE INTER OCEAN is without question one of the most influential journals printed in America to-day, its opinions in all matters pertaining to national affairs being more widely quoted and of greater weight than most people have any idea of.—*Sturgeon Bay* (Wis.) *Advocate.*

THE CHICAGO INTER OCEAN continues to grow in public favor. Its conservative and consistent course during and since the last great presidential campaign has won for it unrivaled prestige with the great mass of the Republican party and the respect and confidence of all parties. As an advocate of Republican principles it is careful, reliable and able, which is characteristic of the editorial department throughout. In enterprise it acknowledges no superior. Its contributors are of the very highest order of talent.—*Three Rivers* (Mich.) *Tribune.*

Address, THE INTER OCEAN,

CHICAGO.